

THE
Lancashire VVitches,

AND

Tegue o Dibelly

THE

Irish PRIEST.

A
COMEDY

Part the First.

THE

Amorous Bigot,

with the Second Part of

Tegue o Dibelly

A
COMEDY.

Both Acted by their Majesties Servants.

Written by *Thomas Shadwell* Poet-Laureat, and Historiographer Royal to
their Majesties.

London, Printed for *R. Clevell*, *J. Robinson*, *A. and J. Churchill*, and *J. Knapp*,
and are to be Sold at the Crown in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1601.

THE
Treasurer V. V. Tocque
AND
a new
THE
TREASURER
A
COMEDY
BY
THE
ADMIRABLE
Author of
With the Second Part of
a new
A
COMEDY
BY
THE
ADMIRABLE
Author of
With the Second Part of

en lazer mifgagim, kana 1926. Nefesh b'Nefesh, 1926. Tzadikim

TO THE

READER.

Fools and Knowes are the fittell Characters for Comedy, and this Town was wont to abound with variety of Parties and Knowes till this unhappy division. But all run now into Politicks, and you must needs, if you touch upon any Humour of this time, offend one of the Parties. The Bounds being then so narrow, I saw there was no scope for the writing of an entire Comedy, (wherein the Poet must have a relish of the present time;) and therefore I resolved to make as good an entertainment as I could, without tying my self up to the strict rules of a Comedy; which was the Reason of my introducing of Witches. Let I will be bold to affirm, that Young Hartford, Sir Timothy, Smerk, and Tegue O'Divelly, are true Comical Characters, and have something new in 'em. And how any of these (the Scene being Laid in Lancashire) could offend any Party here, but that of Papists, I could not imagine, till I heard that great opposition was offered against the Play (a month before it was acted) by a Party, who (being too ashamed to say it was for the sake of the Irish Priest) pretended that I had written a Satyr upon the Church of England, and several protest Papists railed at it violently, before they had seen it, alledging that for a reason, such dear Friends they are to our Church. And notwithstanding all was put out that could any way be wrested to an offence against the Church) yet they came with the greatest malice in the World to hiss it, and many that call'd themselves Protestants, joyn'd with them in that noble enterprise.

How strict a scrutiny was made upon the Play you may easily see, for I have in my own vindication Printed it just as I first wrot it; and all that was expunged is Printed in the Italick Letter. All the difference is, that I have now Ordained Smerk, who before was a young Student in Divinity, expecting Orders and to be Chaplain to Sir Edward. The Master of the Revels (who I must confess used me civilly enough) Licenc'd it at first with little alteration: But there came such an Alarm to him, and a Report that it was full of dangerous reflections, that upon a Review, he expunged all that

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you see differently Printed, ~~except about a dozen lines which he struck out at the first reading.~~

But, for all this, they came resolved to his at it right or wrong, and had gotten mercenary Fellows, who were such Fools they did not know when to hiss and this was evident to all the Audience. It was wonderful to see men of great Quality and Gentlemen in so mean a Combination. But to my great satisfaction they came off as meanly as I could wish. I had so numerous an assembly of the best sort of men, who stood so generously in my defence, for the three first days, that they quall'd all the vain attempts of my Enemies, the inconsiderable Party of Hatters yielded, and the Play stood in despite of them.

If had it been never so bad, I had valued the honour of having so many, and such Friends, as eminently appeared for me, above that of exceeding the most admirable Johnson, if it were possible to be done by me.

Now, for reflecting upon the State of England, you will find, by many expressions in the Play, that I intended the contrary. AND I do well advise that no Learned, or Wise Drunk of the Church will believe me guilty of it. I profess to have a true value and respect for them.

But they who say that the representatives of such a Fool and Knave as Smerk (who is declared to be an infamous Fellow, not of the Church, but crept into it for a Livelihood, exposed in his Party and Ministry, and expell'd the Family) should concern themselves upon the Church of England, do sufficiently abuse it. A foolish Lord or Knight is daily represented, nor are there any scably to believe it an abuse to their Order. Should Thompson, or Mason, or any Impudent Flat-headed Lancastrian Fool be exposed, I am confident that the Sober, and the Wise Drunks of the Church will be so far from thinking themselves concerned in it, that they deride them as much as I do.

Nor should any of the Irish Nation think themselves concerned, but Kelly (one of the Murderers of Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey) which I make to be his feign'd Name, and Tegue O'Divelly his true one. For Whores and Pilkets have several names still.

Some of the worsted Party of the Hatters were so malicious to make People believe (because I had laid the Scene in Lancashire) that I had reflected personally, on some in that, and in an adjoining County; which no man, that will give himself leave to think can believe. And I do hereby solemnly declare the contrary, and that it was never once in my Thoughts to do so.

But

To the Reader,

But the Clamours of a Party (who can support themselves by nothing but falsehood) rose so high, as to report that I had written Sedition and Treason, had reflected upon His Majesty, and that the Scope of the Play was against the Government of England; which are Villanies I abhor, and wrote of the Reporters I believe would not pick at a Bat. But I am well assured they did not believe themselves, only (but of malice to me) thought if they could bring the report to Windsor (which they did) by that means to cause the silencing the Play, without farther Examination: But they who had the Power, were too just for that, and let it live, nor durst it stand.

For these Reasons I am forced, in my own Vindication, to Print the whole Play just as I writ it (without adding or diminishing) as all the Actors who rehears'd it so a fortnight together, before it was reviewed, may testify.

For the Magical part, I had no hopes of equalling Shakespear in fancy, who created his Witchcraft for the most part out of his own imagination (in which faculty no Man ever excell'd him) and therefore I resolv'd to take mine from Authority. And to that end, there is not one Action in the Play, nay scarce a word concerning it, but is borrow'd from some Antient, or Modern Witchmonger Which you will find in the Notes, wherein I have presented you a great part of the Doctrine of Witchcraft, believe it who will. For my part, I am (as it is said of Surly in the Alchymist) somewhat constitutive of belief. The Evidences I have represented are natural, viz. slight, and frivolous, such as poor old Women were wont to be hang'd upon.

For the Actions, if I had represented them as those of real Witches, ~~but~~ had show'd the Ignorance, Fear, Melancholy, Malice, Confederacy, and imposture that contribute to the belief of Witchcraft, the people had wanted diversion, and there had been another clamor against it, it would have been call'd Atheistical, by a prevailing party who take it ill that the power of the Devil should be lessen'd; and attribute more miracles to a silly old Woman, than ever they did to the greatest of Prophets, and by this means the Play might have been Silenced.

I have but one thing more to observe, which is, that Witchcraft, being a Religion to the Devil, (for so it is, the Witches being the Devil's Clergy, their Chants upon several occasions being so many Offices of the Witches Liturgy to him,) and

To the Reader.

and attended with as many Ceremonies as even the Popish Religion is, 'tis remarkable that the Church of the Devil (if I may catachrestically call it so) has continued almost the same, from their first Writers on this Subject to the last. From Theocritus his Pharmaceutria, to Sadducismus Triumphatus: and to the shame of Divines, the Church of Christ has been in perpetual alteration. But had there been as little to be gotten in one as in the other, 'tis probable there would have been as few changes.

I have troubled you too long, speak of the Play as you find it.

PRO.

PROLOGUE.

OUR Poet once resolv'd to quis the Stage,
But fearing ~~the~~ ^{the} right Plays will please the Age,
He is drawn in: and thinks to pass with ease,
He cannot write so ill as some that please.
Our Author says he has no need to fear,
All faults but of good Writing you can bear.
The common Eyes all paintings please alike;
Signs are as good to them as pieces of Vandike.
Our Author bosom'd understanding Eve,
And from the many he appeals to you:
For 'tis in Interest most should judge, I 'tis sic
There should an Oliverarchy be in Plays:
False Wit is now the most pernicious Weed,
Rank and o'er grown — and all run up to Seed.
In knavish Politicks much of it is employ'd,
With nasty spurious stuff the Town is Cloy'd.
Which daily from the Techning Pres' y have found,
But true Wit seems in Maggot Festers bound,
Like sprights which Conjur'd Circles do surround.
The Ages sores must rankle farther, when
It cannot bear the Catherizing Bon.
When Sayr the true Medicine is declin'd,
What hope of Cure can our Corruptions find?
If the Poet's end only to please must be,
Juglers, Rope-dancers, are as good as he.
Instruction is an honest Poet's aim,
And not a large or Wide, but a good, Fame.
But he has found long since this would not do,
And therefore thought to have deserved you:
But Poets and Young Girls by no mishaps
Are warn'd, those damning fright not, nor these Clap.
Their former Itch will spite of all persuade,
And both will fall again to their old Trade:
Our Poet says, that some resolve in spite
To damn, tho' good, what ever he shall write.
He fears not such as right or wrong oppose,
He swears, in sense, his Friends out-weigh such foes.
He cares not much whether he sick or finis,
He will not suffer but we shall for him.
We then are your Petitioners to Day,
Your Charity for this Crippled piece we pray:
We are only losers if you damn the Play:

D R A

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sir Edward Hartfort.	A worthy Hospitable true English Gentleman, of good Understanding, and honest Principles.
Young Hartfort his Son.	A Clownish, Sordid Country Fool, that loves nothing but drinking Ale, and Country Sports.
Sir Jeffery Shacklehead.	A simple fellow, pretending to great skill in Witches, and a great persecutor of them.
Sir Timothy Shacklehead.	Sir Jeffery's Son, a very pert, confident, simple Fellow, bred at Oxford, and the <i>Inns of Court</i> .
Tom. Shacklehead.	Sir Jeffery's poor Younger Brother, an humble Companion, and less a drinker in the Country.
Smerk.	Chaplain to Sir Edward, foolish, knavish, Popish, Arrogant, insolent; yes for his Interest, knavish.
Teague O Dively.	The Irish Pugil, an equal mixture of Fool and Knave.
Belfort.	Two Yorkshire Gentlemen of good Estates, well bred, and of good Sense.
Doubtby.	Wife to Sir Jeffery, a notable discreet Lady, something inclined to Wantonness.
La. Shacklehead.	Theodofia. Daughter to Sir Jeffery, and Lady Isabella. Women of good Humour, Wit, and Beauty.
Clod.	Daughter to Sir Edward Hartfort, and Beauty.
Thomas o Georges.	Another Country Fellow.
The Devil.	Susan. House-keeper to Sir Edward.
Mother Demlike.	Clod.
Mother Dickenson.	A Country Fellow, a retainer to Sir Edward's Family.
Mother Hargrave.	Thomas o Georges.
Mal. Spencer.	Constable.
Madge, and several others.	The Devil.
Old Woman that searches them.	Mother Demlike.
Servants, Dancers, Musicians, Messengers, &c.	Mother Dickenson.
	Mother Hargrave.
	Mal. Spencer.
	Madge, and several others.
	Witches.
	Old Woman that searches them.
	Servants, Dancers, Musicians, Messengers, &c.
	The Scene in Lancashire, near Pendle-Hills.

THE
 Lancashire Witches
 AND
 TEGUE O DIVELLY
 THE
 Irish PRIEST.

A C T. I.

Enter Sir Edward Hartfort and Smerk.

Smerk.

SI R, give me leave, as by my duty bound,
 To let you know (though I am lately come
 Into your Family) I have observ'd
 (for all your real Courtesie, and seeming Mirth
 Among your Friends that visit you) a just
 And constant Melancholy does possess you, Sir, now and then
 When y^e are alone, and you seem not to relish

The happiness your ample Fortune, and
 The great esteem your Worth has ever gain'd
 From all good men might give you, I am bound
 T^e enquire the Cause, and offer my Advice

Sir Edw. Pray search no further, I, for once, can pardon
 The rashness of your curiosit^y.

I did not take you for my Councillor.

Smerk. You now, Sir, are become one of my Flock;
 And I am bound in Conscience to advise,
 And search into the troubles of your Spirit,
 To find the secrets that disturb your Mind.

Sir Edw. I do not wonder, that a person should
 Be foolish and pragmatical; but know,

B. *I will*

I will advise and teach your Master of Artship
(That made you Lord it over Boys and Esquimes.)

To add to your small Logick and Divinity

Two main Ingredients, Sir, Sense and Good-manners,

Smerk. Consider, Sir, the Dignity of my Function.

Sir Edw. Your Father is my Taylor, you are my Servant.
And do you think a Caffock and a Giraffe

Can alter you so much, as to enable

For (who before were but a Coxcomb, Sir,)

To teach me? Know I only took you for

A mechanick Divine, no-read Church Prayers

Twice every day, and once a week to Teach

My Servants Honestly and Obedience.

You may be Betwether to a silly Flock,

And lead 'em where you please, but we're must hope

To govern Men of sense and knowledg.

Smerk. My Office bids me say this is profane,
And little less than Atheistical.

Sir Edw. You're insolent, you're one of the senseless,

Hoi-headed Fools, that injure all your Tribe;

Learn of the wise, the moderate and good,

Our Church abounds with such examples for you.

I scorn the name of Atheist, you're ill-manner'd,

But who er'e toucher one of your hor'fow' Persons,

You brand him home, and right, or wrong, no matter.

Smerk. My Orders give me Authority to speak.

Sir Edw. Your Orders separate, and set you apart.

To Minister, that is, to serve in Churches,

And not to domineer in Families.

Smerk. A Power Legantine I have from Heaven.

Sir Edw. Show your Credentials. Come good pecculant.

Mr. Chop-Logick, pack up your few Books

And old Black thred-bare Cloths to morrow-morning,

And leave my House; get you a Wall-ey'd Mare,

Will carry double, for your Spouse and you,

When some cast Chamber-Maid shall smile upon you,

Charm'd with a Vicaridge of forty pound

A year, the greatest you can ever look for.

Smerk. Good Sir! I have offended, and am sorry.

I ne're will once commit this fault again,

Now I am acquainted with your Worships mind.

Sir Edw. So, now you are not bound in Conscience then.

The indiscretion of such poultry fellows

Are scandals to the Church and Cause they Preach for.

What fatal mischiefs have domestick Priests

Broght on the best of Families in England!

Where their dull Patrons give them line enough,

First with the Women they insinuate,
(Whose fear and folly makes them slaves to you,) And give them ill opinions of their Husbands.
Oft ye divide them, if the Women rule not.
But, if they govern, then your reign is sure.
Then y' have the secrets of the Family,
Dispose o' th' Children, place and then displace,
Whom, and when you think fit.

Smerk. Good, Noble Sir! I humbly shall desist.

Sir Edw. The Husband must not drink a Glass, but when
You shall, of your good grace, think fit for him.
None shall be welcome but whom you approve;
And all this favour is, perhaps, required
With the infusing of ill principles into the Sons,
And stealing, or corrupting of the Daughters.
Sometimes upon a weak and bigot Patron you
Obtain so much to be Executor:
And, if he dies, marry his Widow, and
Claim then the cheating of his Orphans too.

Smerk. Sweet Sir, forbear, I am fully sensible.

Sir Edw. With furious zeal you press for Discipline.
With fire and blood maintain your great Diana.
Foam at the mouth when a Dissenter's nam'd,
(With fiery eyes, wherein we flaming see
A persecuting spirit,) you roar at
Those whom the wisest of your function strive
To win by Gentleness and easie ways.
You dam' em, if they do not love a Suplice.

Smerk. Had I the power, I'd make them wear pitch'd Surplices,
And light them till they flam'd about their Ears.

I would —

Sir Edw. Such Firebrands as you but hurt the Cause.
The learnedest and the wisest of your Tribe
Strive by good life and meekness to o'recome them.
We serve a Prince renown'd for Grace and Mercy,
Abhorring wayes of Blood and Cruelty;
Whose Glory will, for this, last to all Ages.
Him Heaven preserve long quiet in his Thrones.
I will have no such violent Sons of Thunder,
I will have moderation in my House.

Smerk. Forgive my zeal, and, if your Worship please,
I will submit to all your wise Instructions.

Sir Edw. Then (on your good behaviour) I receive you.

Search not the secrets of my House or me.
Vain was our Reformation, if we still
Suffer auricular Confession here,

By which the Popish Clergy rule the world,
No business in my Family shall concern you;
Preach nothing but good life and honesty.

Smerk. I will not.

Sir Edw. No controversial Sermons will I hear:
No meddling with Government; y' are ignorant
O'th Laws and Customs of our Realm, and should be so.
The other world should be your care, not this.

A Plow-man is as fit to be a Pilot,
As a good Clergy-man to be a States-man, Sir:
Besides, the People are not apt to love you,
Because your sloth is supported by their labours.
And you do hurt to any Cause you would
Advance.

Smerk. I humbly bow, Sir, to your Wisdom,

Sir Edw. A meek and humble modest Teacher be;
For piteous trifles you Divines fall out.
If you must Quarrel, Quarrel who shall be
Most honest men; leave me, and then consider
Of what I have said.

Smerk. I will do anything,
Rather then lose your Worships grace and favour.

Sir Edw. Begon.

[Exit Smerk.

Enter Isabella.

Isabella. Sir, why do you walk alone, and Melancholy?
I have observ'd you droop much on the sudden.

Sir Edw. Dear Isabella, the most solid joy
And comfort of my fading life! thou truest Image
Of thy dead Mother! who excell'd her Sex:
Fair, and not proud on't; witty, and not vain;
Not grave, but Wise; Chast, and yet kind and free;
Devout, not fower; Religious, not precise:
In her no foolish affection was
Which makes us nauseate all good qualities.
She was all meekness and humility;
The tenderest Mother, and the softest Wife.

Isab. My Dearest and most Honour'd Father,
(Had you not been the best of Parents living)
I could not have outliv'd that Mothers loss
Loss of her tender care, and great example.

Sir Edw. Yet learn, my Child, never to grieve for that
Which cannot be recall'd; those whom I love
With tenderness I will embrace, when living,
And when they're dead strive to forget 'em soon.

Isab. What is it can afflict you now, dear Father?

Sir

Sir Edm. Thou'rt wife, to thee I can declare my grief;
 Thy Brother has been still my tender care,
 Out of my duty, rather than affection,
 Whom I could never bend by Education
 To any generous Purpose, who delights
 In Dogs and Horses, Peasants, Ale and Sloth.

Isab. He may have Children will be wiser, Sir.
 And you are young enough yet to expect
 Many years comfort in your Grand-children.

Sir Edw. To that end I would match the unhewn Clown
 To the fair Daughter of Sir Jeffery Shacklehead,
 Who has all the perfection can be wish'd
 In woman-kind, and might restore the breed:
 But he neglects her, to enjoy his Clowns,
 His foolish sports, and is averse to Marriage.
 I would not have my Name perish in him.

Isab. [?] I am sure shee? I never help to the continuance.
_{aside.}

Sir Edw. But thou art good, my Child, obedient.
 And though Sir Timothy, Sir Jeffery's Son,
 Has not the great accomplishments I wish him,
 His tempter yet is flexible and kind,
 And will be apt to yeild to thy discretion.
 His person not ungracious, his Estate
 Large, and lies altogether about his House,
 Which (for its situation and its building)
 With noble Gardens, Fountains, and a River
 Running quite through his Park and Garden,
 Exceeds most in the North: Thou knowest, my Child,
 How this cross match will strengthen and advance
 My Family — — — He is coming hither from
 His sport, He has given his Horse to his man, and now
 Is walking towards us; I'll go and find
 My Lady and her Daughter.

[Ex. *Sir Edward.*

Isab. Oh hard fate! That I must disobey so good a Father:
 I to no punishment can be condemn'd
 Like to the Marriage with this foolish Knight.
 But by ill usage of him, I will make him,
 If possible, hate me as I hate him.

Enter *Sir Timothy Shacklehead.*

Sir Tim. Oh my Fair Cousin, I spied yee, and that made me give my man my
 Horse to come to you.

Isab. Me! have you any busines with me?

Sir

Sir Tim. Business ! yes Faith, I think I have, you know it well enough, but we have had no sport this afternoon, and therefore I made haste to come to you.

Isab. Such as you should have no sport made to you, you shold make it for others.

Sir Tim. Ay, it's no matter for that ; but Cousin, would you believe it, we were all bewitched, Mother Demdike and all her Imps were abroad, I think not but you are the pretty Witch that enchanteth my heart. This must needs please her.

Isab. Well said, *Academy of Complements*, you are well read I see,

Sir Tim. Ods Bud, who would have thought she had read that?

Isab. Nay, for Learning and good breeding let Tim alone.

Sir Tim. Tim ! I might be Sir Timothy in your mouth tho', one would think.

Isab. I am sorry the king bestowed Honour so cheaply.

Sir Tim. Nay, not so cheaply neither ; for though my Lady Mother had a dear Friend at Court, yet I was fain to give one a Hundred pounds, besides my Fees, I am sure of that : Tim ! hum go too —

Isab. Was there ever so fullsome a Fool !

Sir Tim. Besides, I gave Thirty Guineas for the Sword I was Knighted with to one of his Nobles, for the King did not draw his own Sword upon me.

Isab. Do you abuse the Nobility ? would a Nobleman sell you a Sword ?

Sir Tim. Yes that they will, sell that or any thing else at Court. I am sure he was a great Courtier, he talked so prettily to the Kings Dogs, and was so familiar with them, and they were very kind to him, and he had great interest in them. He had all their names as quick, and Mumper and I don't know who, and dispu'red with them, I protest and vow, as if they had been Christians.

Isab. Oh thou art a pretty Fellow ; hey for little Tim of Lancashire.

Sir Tim. You might give one ones Title, one would think, I say again, especially one that loves you too.

Isab. Yes, I will give you your Title, it has been a long time since I did it.

Sir Tim. Thank you, dear Cousin. *She offers to kiss her hand*

Isab. Take that, and your proper Title, Fool. *She gives him a box on the ear*

Sir Tim. Fool ! I defie you, I scorn your words, 'tis a burning shame you should be so uncivil, that it is : Little thinks my Lady Mother how I am used.

Isab. Once for all, as a King should be civil to you ; but if you dare make love to me, I'll make thee such an Example, thou shalt be a terror to all foolish Knights.

Sir Tim. Foolish ! Ha, ha, ha, that's a pretty jest ; why ha'n't I been at Oxford and the Inn's of Court ? I have spent my time well indeed if I be a Fool still. But I am not such a Fool to give you over for all this.

Isab. Dost thou hear ? thou most incorrigible Lump, never to be likit into form ? thou Coxcomb Incarnate ; thou fresh impudent, witless, mannerless Knight, who wearest a Knighthood worse than a Haberdasher of small Wares would ; it serves but to make thy folly more eminent.

Sir Tim. Well, well, forsooth, some Body shall know this.

Isab. Every one that knows thee, knows it. Dost thou think, because thy foolish Mother has Cockerd thee with Morning Candles, and Afternoons Luncheons, thou art fit to make Love ? I'll use thee like a Dog if thou darfst but speak once more of Love, or name the Word before me.

Sir Tim. Mum, mum, no more to be said, I shall be heard some where. Will your Father maintain you in these things, ha Gentlewoman? *she will not say*
If I talk. Tell if thou durst, I'll make thee tremble. Heart, if you ben't gone
now presently, I'll beat you. *she will not say* [Ex. Sir Tim.]

Enter *Theodosia*.

Isab. My Dear, art thou come ! I have been just now tormented by thy foolish Brother's awkward Courtship. Forgive me that I make so bold with him.

Two. Prethee do, my Dear, I shall be as free with thine, though he is not so great a Plague, for he is bashfull, very indifferent, and for ought I perceive, to my great Comfort, no Lover at all: But mine is pert, foolish, confident, and on my Conscience in love to boot.

Isab. Well, we are resolved never to Marry There we are designed, that's certain. For my part I am a free English Woman, and will stand up for my Liberty, and property of Choice.

Two. And Faith, Girl, I'll be a matineer on thy side; I hate the imposition of a Husband, 'tis as bad as Poperty.

Isab. We will be Husband and Wife to one another, dear *Theodosia*.

Theo. But there are a brace of Sparks we saw at the Spaw, I am apt to believe would forbid the Banes if they were here.

Isab. Belfort and Doubt, they write us word they will be here suddenly, but I have little hopes; for my Father is so resolved in whatever he proposes, I must depend of his consent for Belfort, though he is too reasonable to force me to Marry any one; besides he is engaged in Honour to your Father.

Theo. Nay, if thou thinkest of subjection still, or I either, we are in a desperate case: No, mutiny, mutiny, I say.

Ifab. And no Money, no Money will our Fathers say.

Theo. If our Lovers will not take us upon those Terms, they are not worthy of us. If they will, farewell Daddy, say I.

If ab. If so, I will be as hearty a Rebel, and as brisk as thou art for thy Life; bbe canst thou think they are such Romancy Knights, to take Ladies with nothing? I am scarce so vain, though I am a Woman.

Theo. I would not live without vanity for the Earth ; if every one could see their own faults, 'twould be a sad World.

Ifab. Thou sayst right, sure the World would be almost depopulated, most men would hang themselves.

Theo. Ay, and Wotten too: Is there any creature so happy as your affected Lady? or conceited Coxcomb?

Ifab. I must confess they have a happy error, that serves their turn better than truth; but away with Philosophy, and let's walk on and consider of the more weighty matters of our Love.

Theo. Come along, my Dear.

[Ex. Isabella and Theodosia.]

Enter Sir *Timothy*.

Enter Sir Timon.
Sir Tim. What a Pox is the Matter? She has pif'd upon a Nettle to day, or else the Witches have bewitched her. Hah, now I talk of Witches, I am plagiul-ly afraid, and all alone: No, here's Nuncle *Thomas*.

Enter

Enter *The Shacklehead*.

Tho. Sha. How now, Cousin?

Sir Tim. Cousin? plain Cousin? You might have more manners, Uncle 'a' Fleish, and one gives you an Inch, you'll take an Ell. I see Familiarity breeds Contempt.

Tom. Sha. Well, Sir *Timothy*, then, By'r Lady I thought no harm; but I am your Uncle, I'll tell a that.

Sir Tim. Yes, my Father's younger Brother. What a mornin do we keep you for, but to have an Eye over our Dogs, and Hawks, to drink Ale with the Tenants (when they come with Rent or Presents) in Black Jacks, at the upper end of a Brown Shovel-board Table in the Hall? to sit at lower end o'th Board at Meals, rise, make your Leg, and take away your Plate at second Course? and you to be thus familiar!

Tom. Sha. Pray forgive me, good Cousin; Sir *Timothy*, I mean.

Sir Tim. Very well, you will be saucy again, Uncle. Uds Iud. Why was I Knightred but to have my Title given me? My Father, and Lady Mother can give it me, and such a Fellow as you, a meer younger Brother, to forget it!

Tom. Sha. Nay, nay, haud yee, you mun ta'k in good part, I did but forget a bit, good Sir *Timothy*.

Sir Tim. My Mother would be in a fine taking about it, and she knew it.

Tom. Sha. Nay, pray now do not say ought to my Lady, by th' Mass, who'l be e'en stark wood an who hears on't. But look a, look a, here come th' Caurfers, the Hare ha's play'd the Deel with us to neight, we han been sw bewitched.

Sir Tim. Ay, so we have, to have the Hare vanish in open Field before all our Faces, and our Eyes never off from her.

Tom. Sha. Ay, and then awd Wife (they caw'n her Mother *Demdike*) to start up i'th same pleck! i' th' very spot o' grawnt where we losten puss!

Enter *Sir Jefery Shacklehead, Sir Edward Hartford, Young Hartford, Chaplain, Clod, and other Servants*.

Sir Edw. These are Prodigies you tell, they cannot be; your senses are deceived.

Sir Jeff. My senses deceived! that's well, is there a Justice in Lancashire has so much skill in Witches as I have? Nay, I'll speak a proud word, you shall turn me loose against any Witch-finder in Europe; I'd make an Ass of Hopkins if he were alive.

Young Har. Nay I'll swear 'tis true, Pox on that awd Carrion Mother *Demdike*, she ha's marr'd all our sports, and almost kill'd two Brace of Greyhounds worth a Thousand pound.

Sir Edw. Dreams, meer Dreams of Witches, old-womans fables, the Devils not such a Fool as you would make him.

Sir Jeff. Dreams! mercy upon me! are you so profane to deny Witches?

Smerk. Heaven defend! will you deny the existence of Witches? 'Tis very Atheistical.

Sir Edw. Incorrigible ignorance! 'tis such as you are Atheistical, that world equal the Devils power with that of Heaven it self. I see such simple Parsons cannot endure to hear the Devil dishonoured.

Sir

[5]
Sir Jeff. No Witches? why I have hang'd above Fourscore. Read Bodin, Remigius, Delrio, Nider, Institutio, Sprenger, Coulman, and More, and *Malleus Maleficarum*, a great Author, that writes sweetly about Witches, very sweetly.

Sir Edw. *Malleus Maleficarum* a Writer? he has read nothing but the Titles I see.

Sir Jeff. Oh, ay a great man, *Malleus* was a great man; Read *Coufin*, read the Antidote against Atheism: Well, I'll make work among your Witches.

Young Har. Ay good Sir Jeffery do; Uds Lud they'l grow so bold, one shan't go a Coursing, Hunting or Hawking for 'em one of these days; and then all the joy of ones life's gone.

Sir Edw. Why, are those all the joys of Life?

Young Har. Ay, Gods-flesh are they; I'd not give a Farthing to live without 'em; what's a Gentleman but his Sports?

Tho. Sba. Nay by'r Lady, I men have a saup of Ale now and then, besides sports.

Sir Jeff. Why hear's my Son, Sir Timothy, saw the hare vanish, and the Witch appear.

Sir Tim. That I did upon my honour, Sir Jeffery.

Enter Clod.

Clod. So ho, here's the Hare again.

Young Har. Ha Boys, loo on the Dogs; more sport, more sport.

Sir Edw. 'Tis almost dark, let's home: go to your Malleus, Fool.

Young Har. Time enough for that, Sir; I must have this Course first, halloo,

They all go out as to Coursing.

Mother Demdike rises out of the ground as they re-enter.

Sir Jeff. Now, Sir Edward, do you see, the Hare is vanished, and here is the Hag.

Sir Edw. Yes I see 'tis almost dark, the Hare is run from your tired Dogs, and here is a poor old Woman gathering of sticks.

Smerk. Avant thou filthy Hag, I defte thee and all thy works.

Clod. This is wheint indeed, Sir, you are a Scolard, pray defend me.

Sir Jeff. Now you shall see how the Witches fear me.

Sir Edw. The old Women have reason to fear you, you have hang'd so many of 'em.

Sir Jeff. Now *Tom Shacklebread*, and you Clod, lay hold o'th' Witch quickly; now you shall see my skill; wee'l search her, I warrant she has biggs or teats a handful long about her parts that shall be nameless; then wee'l have her watched eight and forty hours, and prikt with Needles, to keep her from sleeping, and make her confess, Gad she'll confess any thing in the world then; and if not, after all, wee'l tie her Thumbs and great Toes together, and fling her into your great Pond. Let me alone with her, I warrant ye; come, come, come, where are you?

Sir Edw. So I must have a poor old woman murder'd in my House.

Mother Demdike knocks down Tom Shacklebread and Clod, and vanishes.

Tom Sha. Oh the Witch! the Devil!

Clod.

Sir Jeff. How now, what's the matter?

Tom Shd. Why by'r Lady, the Deel isch' matter; the old' Hag has knockt us both down, and is vanisht under grawnt I think.

Sir Edw. Your fear has knockt you down, and the old woman has escap'd.

Sir Jeff. No, no, she has done't; a Witch has a mighty strength: Six men are not strong enough for a Witch of Fourscore.

Sir Edw. Come prethy, Sir Jeffery, let's home and drive these fables out of our heads, it's dark.

Sir Jeff. Nay, I know how to deal with her, I'll send my Warrant and a Constable with't that is strong enough to beat Six Witches, ay, six the ablest Witches on 'em all: you'd wonder at it, but faith 'tis true.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Mother Demdike re-enters

Demd. Ha, ha, ha, how I have fooled these fellows, let 'em go home and prate about it, this night wee'l revel in Sir *Edward's* Cellar, and laugh at the Justice. But to the busines of the Night.

She sings.

Come, Sisters, come why do you stay?
Our busines will not brook delay,
a The Owl is flown from the hollow Oak.
From Lakes and Bogs the Todes do croak.
The Foxes bark, the Screech-Owl screams:
Wolves howl, Bats fly, and the faint beams
Of Glow-worms light grows bright apace;
The Stars are fled, the Meon hides her face.
b The Spindle now is turning round:
c Mandrakes are groaning under ground.
d I' th' hole, i' th' Ditch (our Nails have made)
e Now all our Images are laid,
Of Wax and Wool, which we mast f prick,
With Needles urging to the quick.
g Into the hole I'll pour a flood
Of Black Lambs bloud, to make all good.
The Lamb with Nails and Teeth wee'l tear.
Come where's the Sacrifice? appear.

Enter Mother Dickenson, Hargrave, Mal Spencer, and several other Witches with a Black Lamb.

Witches. 'Tis here:

Demd. Why are you all so tardy grown?
Must I the work perform alone?

Dicken. Be patient h' Dame, wee'l all obey.

Dem. Come then to work, anon wee'l play.

To yonder Hall
Our Lord wee'l call,
Sing, dance and eat,
Play many afeat,
And fright the Justice and the Squire,

And

And plunge the Cattel into the Mire.
 But now to work { They tear the Black! Lamb in pieces, and
 pour the Blood into the hole.

i Debter, Debter, do not Stay,
 Upon the Waves go sport and play;
 And see the Ship be cast away.
 Come let us now our parts perform,
 And scrape a hole, and raise a Storm.

Dicken. k Here is some Sea Sand I have gotten,
 Which thus into the Air I throw.

Harg. Here's Sage, that under Ground was rotten,
 Which thus a-round me I beffrow.

Spencer. Sticks on the Bank a-cross are laid.

Harg. The hole by our nayls is almost made.
 Hogs Briftles boyl witin the Pot.

Demd. The Hollow flint Stone I have got,
 Which I over my Shoulder throw,
 Into the West to make Winds Blow.
 Now Water here, and Urine put,
 And with your Sticks stir it about.
 Now dip your Brooms, and tois them high,
 To bring the Rain down from the Sky.
 Not yet a Storm? l Come let us wound
 The Air with every dreadful sound,
 And with live Vipers beat the ground.

They beat the ground with Vipers, they bark, bowl, hiss, cry like
 Screech Owles, hollow like Owls, and make many confused
 noises: The Storm begins.
 Song of three Parts.

NOW the Winds roar,
 And the Skies pour
 Down all their Store.

And now the Night's black,
 Hark how the Clouds crack.
 Hark how the Clouds crack.

A hollow din the Woods now make,
 The Vallies tremble, Mountains Shake,
 And all the living Creatures quake.

It keeps awake the sleepy fowl,
 The Sailers Sweat, the high Seas roll,
 And all the frightened Dogs do howl.

It Thunders and Lightens.

It Thunders and Lightens.

It Thunders and Lightens.

It Thunders and Lightens.
 Demdike

Demidike speaks. Now to our Tasks let's all be gone,
Our Master we shall meet anon,
Between the hours of twelve and one.

They all set up a Laugh.

Enter *Clod* with a Candle and Lanthorn.

Clod. Whaw, what a Storm is this! I think mother *Demidike* and all her *Deel's*
are abroad to neeght, 'tis so dark too
I canno see my hont. *
Oh the *Deel*, the *Deel*,
help! help! this is Mother
Demidike; help, s'flesh,
What mun I do? I canno
get down, 'twounds Ayst
be clemd an I stay here aw
neeght.

* One of the Witches flies away with
the Candle and Lanthorn, Mother
Demidike sets him upon the top of
a Tree, and they all fly away
Laughing.

Enter *Belfort* and *Doubt*.

Bell. Was there ever such a Storm raised on a sudden, the Sky being clear, and
no appearance on't before?

Doubt. But the worst part of our misfortune is to be out of our way in a strange
Country, the night so dark that Owls and Bats are wildred.

Bell. There is no help, Cover the Saddles, and stand with the Horses under that
Tree, while we stand close and shelter our selves here; the Tempest is so violent,
it cannot last.

Doubt. New Philosophy helps us to a little Patience, Heaven be praised we are
not at Sea yet.

Bell. These troubles we Knight Errants must endure when we march in search
of Ladies.

Doubt. Would we were in as good Lodgings as our Dogs have which we left
before to *Whalley*. I fear too (after all this device of yours) our pretending to
hunt here will never take.

Bell. Why so?

Doubt. Will any body think that a man in his right Wits should chuse this Hilly
Country to hunt in?

Bell. O, yes, there are Huntsmen that think there's no sport without venturing
Neck's or Collar-bone; besides, there is no other way to hope to see our Mistresses;
by this means we shall troll out my Mistresses Brother, who loves, and understands
nothing but Country sports. By that we may get acquaintance with Sir *Edward*
Harsfort, who is reported to be a wise, honest, hospitable, true English man. And
that will bring us into Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead's* family, *Whalley* being in the mid-way
betwixt them.

Doubt. I am resolv'd to see my Mystris, what e're comes on't, and know my doom.
Your *Yorkshire* Spaw was a fatal place to me, I lost a heart there, Heaven knows
when I shall find it again.

Bell. Those interviews have spoiled me for a man of this World, I can no more throw off my loose corse of Love upon a Tenant's Daughter in the Country, or think of Cackolding a keeping Fool in the City; I am grown as pitiful a whining, Loving animal as any Romance can furnish us with.

Doubt. That we should scape in all the *Tour of France and Italy*, where the Sun has power to ripen Love, and catch this distemper in the North! but my *Theodosie* in humour, wit, and beauty has no equal.

Bell. Besides my *Isabella*.

Doubt. To you your *Isabella's* equal.

Bell. We are prettyp fellows to talk of Love, we shall be wet to the Skin; yonder are lights in many Rooms; it must be a great House, let's make towards it.

Doubt. It is so dark, and among these Hills and Incloufuses 'tis impossible Will no lucky fellow, of this place, come by and guide us? We are out of all Roads.

Clod. Oh! Oh! what mun Ay do? Ay am well neegh parishi: I mun try to get dawn. [He falls.]

Help, help, Murder, Murder.

Bell. What a Devil is here, a fellow fallen from the top of a Tree!

Doubt. 'Sdeath is this a night to climb in? what does this mean?

Clod. Oh! Oh!

Bell. Here, who art thou? What's the matter?

Clod. Oh the dee'l; avant, I defi thee and all thy warks.

Doubt. Is he drunk or mad? give me thy hand, I'll help thee.

Clod. Begon, Witches I defi ye, help! help!

Bell. What dost thou talk of? we are no Witches nor Devils, but Travellers that have lost our way, and will reward thee well if thou wilt guide us into it.

Clod. An yeow been a mon Ay st' talk wy ye a bit; yeow mun tack a care o' your sellis, the piece's haunted with Buggarts, and Witches, one of 'em took my Condle and Lanthorn out of my hont, and flew along wy it; and another set me o' top o' th' tree, where I feel dawn naw; Ay ha well neegh-brocken my theegh.

Doubt. The fellow's mad, I neither understand his words, nor his Sense, pre-thee how far is it to *Whalley*?

Clod. Why, yeow are quite besaid th' road mon, yeow shoulден a gone dawn th' honk by *Thomas o' Georges*, and then een' at yate, and tur'd dawn th' Lone, and left the Steepe o' th' reegeht honk.

Bell. Prithee don't tell us what we should have done, but how far is it to *Whalley*?

Clod. Why marry four mail and a bit.

Doubt. Wee'l give thee an Angel and shew us the way thither.

Clod. Marry that's whaint, I conno see my hont, haw con Ay show yeow to *Whalley* to neeght.

Bell. Canst thou shew us to any house where we may have Shelter and Lodging to night? we are Gentlemen and strangers, and will pay you well for't.

Clod. Ay, by'r Lady con I, th' best lodgung and diet too in aw *Lancashire*. Vonder at th' hough, where yeow seen th' leeghts there.

Doubt. Whose house is that?

Clod.

Clod. Why when a god, where han you lived? why yeow are Strongers indeed; why, us Sir Tedder Hartfitt, he keeps oppen hawle to all Gentry, yeow be welcome to him by day and by night, he's Lord of aw here abauts.

Bell. My Mistresses Father, Luck if it be thy will, have at my Isabella; Canst thou guide us thither?

Clod. Ay, Ay, there's a pawer of Company there naw, Sir Jeffery Shacklehead, and the Knight his Son and Doughter.

Doubt. Lucky above my wishes, O my dear Theodosia, how my Heart leaps at her! prethee guide us thither, wee'll pay thee well.

Clod. Come on, I am e'en breed out o my senses, I was ne'er so freeghten'd sin I was born, give me your hont.

Bell. No, here are our Men and Horses, wee'll get up, and you shall lead the foremost: Now Stars be kind.

Ex. Omnes.

Notes upon the Magick.

a This is a solemn description of a fit time for Witches to be at Work. b The Spindle or Wheel is used in their Conjurations. Marrial makes it used for troubling the Moon, lib. 9. Ep. 3. Quia nunc *Thessalico lunam diducere rhombe*, by lib. 2. Ep. 67. *Cum seilla Cholo Luna valupas rhombe*: Eucras, who of all the Poets writes with the most admirable height about Witchcraft, in his fifth Book makes the Wheel or Spindle to be used in Love Matters, *Traxerunt torti Magicā vertigine fili*, as does Ovid lib. 1. Eleg. 8. *Seu bene quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombe licia*, &c. And so Propertius, lib. 3. *Scamna rhombi ducitur illa rotā*. And lib. 2. *Deficiunt Magico torti sub carnime rhombi*. c The groaning of Mandrakes is a tradition of old Women, and that the groan kills. See the Notes in the Third Act, it has been always thought of great use in Magick. d Hor. chusing Ditches for their Magick Rites, Ovid Metam. lib. 7. de Medea: *Haud procul egesta scribibus tellure diabibus Sacra facit*. For scraping holes with their Nails, Horat. lib. 1. Satyr 8. concerning *Canidia* and *Sagana*: *Scalpere terram ugubus*. And it is used by our Modern Witches, as you shall find in *Malleus Maleficarum*, Bodin, Remigius, Delrio, &c. Id lib. 3. *dissquisitionum Magicarum*, Sect. 4. de sagittariis *assassinis* & *imaginum fabricatorum Maleficis* tells many stories of their using e Images, he says, *Haud nullum à sagittariis disceperat genus maleficorum, qui quajdam fabricantur imagines, quas vel acubis parunt, vel igne liquant vel confringunt*, &c. See Hell. Boeth. the History of King Duff, lib. 3. *verum Scoticum Corn. Tacit. Ann. 2. de scelere Sifonis & morte Germanici*, says, *Reperiebantur solo & parietibus eruta humidostrum corporum reliqua, carmine & devotione, & nomen Germanici plumbeis tabulis insculprum, semiuisti cimenes & rabi oblitis, alias maleficia quibus creditur animas Numinibus inferni sacrari*. *Malleus Maleficarum*, and Wierus are full of examples of using Images in Witchcraft. Hor. lib. 1. Sat. 8. mentions both Waxen and Woolen Images, *Lanea & effigies erat altera cerea*, &c. Ovid. Epist. Hypstyle to Jason, *Devoret absentes simulacra*, *cerea fingit*. Hor. 18. Epod. *Qua movere cereas imagines*, Ovid. Annr. 7. Eleg. 6. *Sagave punicea dehicit nomina verā*. f Ovid. Ibid. *Et medium tenues in iecur urget acus*. Id. Ep. before quoted, following that Verse, *Et miserum tenues in iecur urget acus*. See Bodin. Demonoman. lib. 2. cap. 8. a great deal of stuff to this purpose. Once in my memory had this kind of Witchcraft sworn against her at the Old-bayley, before Steel, Recorder of London. g Hor. lib. 1. Satyr 8. de *Canidia & Sagana*: *Pullam divelere mordicus agnam caperunt*, Ovid metam. 7. *cultrosg; in gutta velleris atrī conjicit & parulas perfundit sanguine fossati*. h All Witches, ancient and modern, are said to have one presiding at their conventions which they honour with a Title. Apuleius mentions the *Regina sagarum*; & Delrio. Disq. Mag. lib. 2. quæst. 9. and this is found in all late examinations of Witches. i Deber is said to be the Dæmon of the night, that flies about and does mischief, and principally in Tempests. Pet. de Loyer de spelvis, in English, page 14. And Bodin. lib. 2. cap. 4. says, Deber is the Dæmon of the night, and Chæleb of the day. k For their sites in their imaginary rating of Scornis, see Bod. lib. 2. cap. 8. Remigius Demoniar. lib. 1. cap. 25. and cap. 19. also Delrio. lib. 2. Quæst. 17. enumerates a great many odd rites (different from the following.) For troubling the Air, and bringing Darkness, Thunder, Rain, Hail, &c. see Nider in his *Formicarium*, cap. 4. Olaus de gentibus septentrionalibus, lib. 3. sub titulo de *Magis & Maleficis Finnorum*, also *Malleus Maleficarum*. Wierus de pref. Dem. lib. 3. cap. 16. describes at large the way of raising a Storm. Speaking of the illusions of the Devil towards Witches,

he says, *Iraq, eas instruit ut quandoq; filices post tergum occidentem versus præcipient, aliquando ut ex eorum aqua torrentis in aream præcipient, plerumq; scapæ in aquam induantur velut cibari, vel salsæ factæ ex lotis infuso vel aquâ digitur* (others say, *supposita luculentia, communis ex parte in omni pororum pilos* (or as others say, *Setas porcinas*) *buliant; nonnunquam trades vel ligas in qua transversa colliguntur*. See Scot. p. 60. he adds the use of *rotiga* *sage*. *l. Lukan. l. 6. Miraculæ* *Isabæ bas* *satæ* *licet mortæ iratæ*, *morti Verberat immotum vivo serpente cadaver*, *use five Serpents here upon another occasion*. *m* For these confused noisef *Lucan* in the same Book, *Tunc vox Letheis cum his pallentior herbas excipiunt* *Deas, confusis murmuris primam dissonam, & humana multam discordia lingua. Larvæ habet illa canum geminatq; Loporum; quod trepidus bubo, quod foix, gallova, queruntur, quod strident abulans, ferre, quod fibillat anguis, &c. Tot rerum vox una fuit*: See the latter part of the Notes, in the second Act, about the raising of Tempests: If you be so curious, you may find something in all Authors that treat of Witches, and many of 'em mention one *Ericus King of Sweden*, who as they believe, could do it by Magick, as does *Delrio, Remigius, and Ludwigus, Elich Demonomagia, Quæstio, 6. Silvestri, Prierius de ord. Predicatorum, de Strigimægicæ*, discourses of the power of Witches in raising Storms: And *Guaccius compendium Maleficarum, Goddelmannus, Bartolomeus Spineus*, and many more.

A C T . I I .

Enter Isabella and Smerk.

Isab. **H**OW this insolence proves me! [aside.]
You are not sure in earnest! [to him.]

Smerk. Can any one behold those radiant Eyes,
And not have sentiments of Love like mine?

Isab. This fellow has read Romances as well as School-men.

Smerk. Those eyes to which mine are Burning-Glasses
That to my Heart convey the Fire of Love.

Isab. What a Fustian Fool's this! Is this language
For a Divine?

Smerk. Are not Divines made of those Elements
Which make up other Men? Divines may be
In Love I hope.

Isab. And may they make Love to the Daughter, without
The consent of the Father?

Smerk. Undoubtedly, as Casuist must determine.

Isab. Will not common sense, without a Casuist, tell
Us when we do wrong, if so, the Law we are
Bound to, is not plain enough.

Smerk. Submit to the judgment of Divines, (sweet Lady).

Marriage is not an Ordinance made by Parents,
But from above deriv'd; and 'tis for that I sue.

Isab. Is it not fit I should obey my Father?

Smerk. O no, sweet Lady, move it not to him,
Your Father has not reverence enough

For the Church and Churchmen

Besides, I'll tell you,

He is Atheistically inclin'd: pardon my boldness;
For he believes no Witches: But, Madam, if my
Poor Person and my Parts may seem gracious to you,

You lawfully may chuse me to make happy.

Hab. Your Person must please ; *'Tis nimble.*

Smerk. No sweet *Madam* !

Hab. Your parts beyond exception, *beaut, spruce, wry,*
And very dexterous.

Smerk. No, no, dear *Madam*.

Hab. Who can behold your Face without pleasure ? or
Consider your parts without Reverence ?

Smerk. O Lord, I swear you pose me with your great
Civilities. I profess you do.

Hab. 'Tis impossible you should keep long from being
Dignified.

Smerk. 'Tis that I mainly aim at next the enjoyment
of so fine a *Lady*.

Hab. May I flatter my self to think you are in earnest ?

Smerk. You may, most excellent *Lady*.

Hab. And so am I.

Smerk. Sweet *Madam*, I receive you as a *Blessing on my Knees*.

Hab. Thou most insolent of Pedants, thou silly formal Thing with a stiff plain Band, a
little personical Grogram, and a Giraffe thou art so proud of, in which thou wouldest do well
to hang thy self ; some have vouchsafed to use it for that purpose : Thou hast never were
but a Curate, -- a Journey-man Divine, as thy Father was a Journey-man Taylor, before
he could set up for himself, to have the impudence to pretend Love to me !

Smerk. My function yet, I say, deserves more reverence.

Hab. Does it make you not an *A's*, or not a *Taylor's Son* ?

Smerk. It equals me with the best of *Gentry*.

Hab. How, *Arrogance* ! Can any power give Honour but the *Kings* ? *This is Popery*,
I'll have you trounc'd. Could it once enter into thy vain paty, that I could be contented
with the phisit equipage of a *Parson's Wife* ? *Bless me* ! to be carried home to an antique
building, with narrow windows, with huge Iron-bars, like an old *Gaol* in some *Country Barn*,
wickedly abus'd too with dilapidations. To ly in *Darneux Charsains*, and a Bed-
Tesser carv'd with *Idolatrous Images*, out of two load of old *Timber* ; or to have for a
Friend, or a lying in one better, one of worsted *Chambray*, and to be drest and undrest by
my *Cookmaid*, who is my *Woman* and my *Chambermaid*, and serves me and the *Hog*,

Smerk. I intend none of these. I assure you my *House* shall be —

Hab. I know what it will be, your *Parlour* hung with *Green printed stuff*, of the new fashon,
with gilt *Leather* in panes, a fingers breadth at least, stuff'd up with a great many
stinking *Russia Leather Chairs*, and an odious *Carpet* of the same ; Then *Shelver* on one
side of your *Criminey* for a *pare* of *Tables*, a *Cheſi-board*, your *frame* of *Wain* *Cambe* *and*
Tabaco-pipe.

Smerk. No, no, no, *Madam*.

Hab. On the other side, *Shelvers* for huge *Folios*, by which you would be counted a great
read man ; vast large volumes of *Expositions* upon a short *Creed* ; some *scriptury folio's* upon
the *Ten Commandments* ; *Lauds*, *Heylins*, *Andrews*, and *Tom Fuller's* works, with
perhaps a piece of *Austin*, to shew you understand a Little *Latin* ; and this is your *Eccleſi-
ſtical furniture*, very fit for a *Gentlewoman's* *caring Room*, is it not ?

Smerk

Smerk. I understand the Mode, Madam, and concern such vulgar Ornaments.

Isab. And in this Parlour to eat Free Tisbe-Pigs in a week, brought in by my Women-Chamber-maid, Waiter-maid, Cook-maid, &c. And if it be not a working day, waited on by your Groom, Ploughman, Carter, Butler, Tisbe-gatherer, all in one, with Horse-maid & Shoe; a black new-horn'd & white stick'd, thick a starch'd Band and no Cuffs.

Smerk. My merits will provide you better, please to have me. [sighs] but I know Isab. Yet, I know your merits. Then to quibble with you, for my desert, your Back side of half an Acre, with some Sixteen Trees of Marygold and Sweeting-Apple, Horse-Plums, and Warden-Pears, hem'd in with pines of antique crumbling Clay; where I should have six Hives of Bees, and you a Mare and Foal, going with a Peacock and Hen.

Smerk. All these I much despise, would you bear. [sighs] I have to quibbles, and modify'd

Isab. Hear, yes, how I should have nothing to entertain my Visitors with, but stol'd Prunes and Honeycombs, and flying Ants, borded with Lemon-pils, various all sight of Wine. And should I march abroad to visit, 't would be behisid my Canonical Husband, perhaps upon a piedbald Mare big with Foal, holding his bands upon his Girdle, and when at place appointed I arrive, for want of Groom, off slips my nimble Husband first, then helps me down. And now Foal, have painted thee, and what thou art to trust to in thy colours.

Smerk. I beseech you, Madam, moderate your passions: Hear my propositions.

Isab. No, Impudence, my Father shall hear em.

Smerk. I beseech you, Madam, for Heavens sake, that will undo me. I shall desist, I shall desist. [sighs] [Ex. Isabella.]

Enter Susan the Chambermaid.

Good Luck, how a man may be mistaken! I durst be sworn, by her courtesy and frequent smiles, she had been in love with me.

Susan. Sweet Sir, what is befallen you? has my Lady anger'd you? If she can, her heart is not like mine.

Smerk. Nothing, Mrs. Susan, nothing but to be thus despised. [To himself.]

Susan. Dear Sir, can I serve you in any thing? I am bound. I ne're have been so elevated by any man; methinks I never should have enough of your powerful Ministry, Sweet Sir.

Smerk. Pish! if she tells her Father, I am ruin'd. [To himself.]

Susan. Dear man, now, come drive away this sadness. Come, give me thy hand; let's sit down and be merry.

Smerk. How! my hand! go too.

This creature is in Love with me: But shall my prodigious natural parts, and no less amazing acquisitions in Metaphysics and School-Divinity be cast upon a Chambermaid? Farewell, I must not be too familiar. [Exit.]

Susan. So, scornful Cruel creature, I will soften thee yet. * Have I for thee late days and nights cross Legg'd, and sigh'd before thou cam'st hither? And fasted on S. Agnes night for thee? And since thy coming have tied three colour'd True Lovers Knots, quill'd thy Cuffs, and starch'd thy Band my self, and never fail'd thee of thy morning Caudle or Jelly Broth? have I already put my Hair and Nails in Powder in thy Drink, and put a live Fish in a part about till it died, and then gave it thee to eat, and all for this! Well, I will mollifie thee. And Mother Dendike shall help me to morrow: I'll to her, and discourse her about it: If I have breath I cannot live without him.

Enter Sir Edward Hartfort and his Son.

Sir Edward. Susan, Go tell my Cousin Theodosie, I would speak with her.

Susan. I will Sir. [Exit Susan]

Yo. Har. Pshaw, now must I be troubled with making Love, a curse take it for me: I had rather be a Coursing an twere time o' th' day.

Sir. Edw. Now, Son, for your own good and my satisfaction, I would have you (since her Father and I am agreed) to settle this busines, and marry with Theodosie with all the speed that can be.

Yo. Har. What hast Sir? for my part I care not for Marriage, not I. I love my Neighbours, a Cup of Ale, and my sports, I care for nought else. [Exit Sir. Edw.] (But that thy Mother was too vertuous for my suspicion) I should think that by thy fordid mind thou were a Stranger to my Blood; and, if you be not rul'd by me, assure your self I'll make you a stranger to my Estate.

Yo. Har. What does he mean now? ha, to disinherit me?

Sir Edw. No part of it's entail'd; and if you will not marry where I direct you your Sister will obey me, and may bring me one to inherit it. Consider that.

Enter Theodosie.

Here comes your Mistres, beautiful and good as any of her Sex. Sweet Cousin, be please'd to stay one moment with my Son: I'll wait on you again. [Exit.

Theo. Your Servant Sir. How shall I be entertaïd by this Dolt? how much rather had he be with Country Justices and Farmers, in a low Thatcb'd House, with a smooth Black Pot of Ale in his hand, or with his Kites, Dogs and Cattel?

Yo. Har. What a Devil shall I say to her now? I had as lieve knock my head against the wall as make Love. Will you please to sit down Cousin?

Theo. Ay Cousin. And fall fast a-sleep if I can. [Aside.

Yo. Har. 'Twas a great Storm, and rose very suddainaly to night, Cousin;

Theo. Very true. I shal be as quiet as a mouse in a hole. [Aside.

Yo. Har. Pox I don't know what to say to her. I am almost out of my wits. [To her.

'Tis almost over tho' now.

Theo. 'Tis so. What a Devil shall I say more? Would I were at six go-downs upon reputation, in Ale, witout honest Tom Shacklehead. [Aside.

What do you think 'tis a Clock, Madam? [To her.

Theo. Six minutes past eight by mine.

Yo. Har. Mine goes faster. Is yours Aspenwold?

Theo No, Tompions

Yo. Har. 'Tis a very pretty one! Pish I can go no farther, not I. [To her.

Theo, 'Tis Bed-time.

Yo. Har. Ay so it is, and I am main sleepy by'r Lady, Coursing had gotten me a woundy Stomack, And I eat like a Swine, Faith and Trôth.

Theo. But it is got nothing to your Stomach.

Yo. Har. You have heard the story, we cours'd a Witch all day instead of a Hair, Mother Demdick.

Theo. 'Tis well you did not catch her, she would have been very tough meat.
Yo. Har. Ha, ha, ha, well, I vow, that's a very well. But I hope Sir Jeffery will hang the Witch. I am sure she has tired my Dogs and me so, that I am so sleepy I can scarce hold up my head by'r Lady.

Theo. I am tired too : This dullness is almost as tedious as his making of Love would be.

Yo. Har. If I would hold up now, we should have fine Weather for Hawking to morrow and then have at the Pows.

Theo. Your Hawks would not fly at Mother Demdike too.

Yo. Har. Nay, marry I cannot tell : But would you would go a Hawking, you should ride upon a Pad of mine, should carry you with a Bumper in your Hand, and not spill a drop.

Theo. I am for no Field Sports, I thank you Sir.

Yo. Har. Now can't I speak a word more. [They pause.]

Theo. Now methinks we are mere Man and Wife already, without marrying for the matter. Ha, he's a sleepy, and snores like the Bass-pipe of an Organ : Tho' I like his indifference better than I should his Love; yet I have no patience to bear sleeping in my Face, that's a little too much.

Yo. Har. Oh Lord, what's that ! Oh Mother Demdike ! Oh, oh, the Witch, the Witch !

Theo. He talks in his sleep, I believe, e'en as well, as when he's awake.

Yo. Har. Murder, murder, oh help, the Witch, oh, the Witch, oh, Mother Demdike.

Theo. He talks and dreams of the Witch : I'll try a trick with him.

[She pulls thet hair from under him. *Ex. exit.*]

Yo. Har. Oh help, help, the Witch, the Witch, by there she vanish't ; I saw her, oh she flew up the Chimney. I'll go to Sir Jeffery, and take my Oath presently. Oh I am fore frightened.

[Enter Isabella. *Exit. Yo. Har.*]

Oh the Witch, the Witch, Mother Demdike. [Exit. Yo. Har.]

Ifab. What ails the Fool, is he mad ? Here's a Coil with Witches.

[Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady Shacklehead and Sir Timothy.]

Sir Tim. Oh Madam, are you there ? I have done your errand.

L. Sba. Young Servant, Cousin.

Ifab. Your Ladyships humble Servant.

La. Sba. Look you Cousin, Lady me no Ladies, unless you be civilier to Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Look you there.

Sir Jeff. I suppose you are not ignorant who we are.

La. Sba. Nay, prithee, Sir Jeffery, hold a let me alone.

Sir Jeff. Nay, go on my Dear, thou shalt have it ; well, thou art as notable a woman as any is within fifty miles of thy Head, I'll say that for thee.

La. *Sh.* Pray Cousin concerning me, breeding is a fine thing, but you have allways liv'd in that Country. I have, for any part, been offish at London, lodg'd in Covent-Garden, ay, and been in the drawing Room too. Poor Creature, she does not know what that is.

Sir Jeff, Pray mind my Chicken, she's the best bred Woman in that Country.

La. Sha. Pray spare me, Sir Jeffery, here's Sir *Timothy*, I have bred him with great Care and Charges at Oxford, and the Inns of Court.

Sir Tim. Ay, and I have been in the drawing Room too.

I.a. *Sha.* I have gotten him knighted too, for mine and Sir Jefferies services, which we have perform'd in governing the Country about us so well.

156. What does your Ladyship drive at? *opl , sain lo bap s noq s abit binofl*

Sir Tim. Ay, you know well enough: Now look as though Better would not melt in your Mouth.

La. *Shy.* Besides, let me tell you, Sir *Timothy's* Person's as charming as another's; his Shape and height perfectly, his Face, though I say it, exceeding good; his Eyes vigorous and sparkling, his Nose and Chin resembling our Family's; in short, Nature has not been negligent in his Composition.

Sir Jeff. Well, thou art the best-spoken Woman in England, I'll say that for thee.

Isab. I confess all this, Madam.

La. She. Pray give me leave, not one Knight in the land dresses better, or wears

... give the more, not the least, in the land gives better, or wears
better fanned Garniture, or better Perriwigs.

Sir Tim. My Trimming's my own Fancy; and the best Wig-maker in *England*,
one id *Crooked-lane* works for me.

L2. *Sha.* Hold, Sir *Timothy*, I say these things; premis'd, it is not fit to use my Son uncivilly: I am loth to complain to your Father, consider, and be wile. I know

Sir Jeff. Ay, by'r Lady was she! Well, I thought I should never have won thee:

1. (She.) But I was never uncivil. — 2. (She.) I had a very bad time in the world, and I have been a great deal in the world.

Ifab. I know not what you mean! I ~~honor~~ to my dear Cousin; what makes
they think so? I assure you, I ~~honor~~ him as he deserves. What Cousin

ee think so? I assure your Ladyship
t angry for a jest? I think no man
Sir Jeff. Why look you Sir Tim.

La. *Sba.* Nay, *Sir Timothy*, you are to blame, Justice shews ones kindness, go too.
Sir Tim. I swear and vow, I thought you had best to speak to *Caesar*, I am your

Sir Tim. I swear and vow, I thought you had been in earnest. Cousin, I am your humble Servant.

Sir Jeff. Come on, Boy, stand up to her, 'Gad I bore up briskly to thy Mother.

"... before I won her. Ah, when I was young, I would have—Well, no more to be said."

1. A. Sha. Come, come away, you will have your saying! [Exeunt Lady and Sir Jeff.
Sir Tim. Well, but have you so good an opinion of me as you declar'd? hum--

11. *On this view, but have you no good air opinion of me as you did at the time of my arrival. The very same, I assure you.*

Sir Tim. Ah, my dear pretty Rogue! Then I'll marry you presently, and make you a Lady.

Isab. Let me see, are they out of hearing? I will say nothing.

Sir Tim. Come feth, let's kiss upon that busness, here's a Parson in the House;

nay, feth, I must kiss thee, my dear little Rogue.

Isab. Stand off Baboon; nay, a Baboon of good parts exceeds thee; Thou Mag-

got, Infect, worse than any nasty thing the Sun is Father to.

Sir Tim. What! do you begin to call Names again? but this is in Jest too, pri-

thee let me kiss thee, pray dear, feth do.

Isab. In Jest! Heaven is my witness there's not a living thing upon two Legs I

would not chuse before Thee.

Sir Tim. Holloo, where's Sir Jeffery and my Lady?

Isab. They are out of thy hearing Oaph. S'life how darst thou be so impudent to love me with that Face, that can provoke nothing but laughter at best in any one? Why, thou hast the Rickets in thy face: There's no proportion, every Feature by it self is abominable; and put together Intollerable. Thou hast the very Lines and air of a Pig's Face; *Baptista porta* would have drawn thee so.

Sir Tim. Hah! What do you say? my Face! I'll not change Faces with e'er a man in Lancashire. Face! talk of Face, Hah!

Isab. Thou art uglier than any Witch in Lancashire, and if thou wert in Womans Clothes, thy own Father would apprehend thee for one: Thy Face! I never saw so deform'd a thing on the head of an old *Lyra Viol*. It might fright Birds from a Cherry Garden: But what else 'tis good for, I know not.

Sir Tim. 'Bhud, now you provoke me, I must tell you, I think my self as handsome for a Man, as you are for a Woman.

Isab. Oh, foh, out upon that filthy visage, My Maid with her Sizers in two minutes shall cut me a better in brown Paper. There is not a Creature upon Earth but is a Beauty to thee; besides, thou hast a hollow Tooth would cure the Mother beyond *Assa fetida*, or burnt Feathers.

Enter *Theodosia*.

Sir Tim. Well, well, You'll sing another Note when I have acquainted your Father, you will.

Isab. Thou liest: I will not: if I were condemn'd to Death, I would not take a pardon to marry thee. Set thy Fools Heart at rest then, and make no more nauseous Love to me. Thy Face to one fasting would give a Vomit beyond *Croesus*.

Sir Tim. You are a proud, peevish Minx, and that's the best of you. Let me tell you that, hum. I can have your betters every day I rise.

Theo. How now! what says the Fool?

Sir Tim. Uds Ludlikins, huswife, if you provoke me I'll take you o' the Pates.

Isab. Thou odious, loathsome Coxcomb, out of my sight, or I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Sir Tim. Coxcomb! ha, ha, ha; ah thou art a good one. Well, I say no more.

Isab. Da, da, pretty thing!

Enter

Enter Sir Edward, Belfort and Doubt.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, the storm has oblig'd me that drove you under my Roof, I knew your Fathers well, we were in *twy* together, and all of us came home with our English Religion, and our English Principles. During your stay here (which for my own sake I hope will not be short) command my House: let not your Dogs and Servants lie at *Whalley*; but be pleas'd to know this House is yours, and you will do me honour in commanding it.

Bell. This generosity makes good the Character that all men give of you.

Doubt. A Character that *England* rings with, and all men of never so differing opinions agree in.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, you do me too much Honour; I would endeavour to imitate the life of our English Gentry before we were corrupted with the base manners of the French.

Bell. If all had had that noble resolution, long since we had curb'd the greatness of that Monarch.

Isab. What are these Apparitions, hah, Doubt and Belfort, *Theo.* They are they indeed. What ailes my Heart to beat so fast?

Isab. Methinks mine is a little too hysic here.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, here is my Daughter and her Kinswoman, I think you saw 'em last Summer at *Scarborough*.

Bell. We did, Sir, [They salute 'em,

Doubt. We little thought to have the honour of seeing so fine Ladies this night.

Enter *Stram*, and whispers to Sir Edward.

Bell. We could not expect this happiness, till next Season at the Waters.

Sir Edw. What story is this? My Son almost frighted out of his Wits with a Witch! Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for a Moment. [Ex. Sir Edward and Servant,

Both. Your Humble Servant.

Isab. Nothing could be more unexpected than seeing you here!

Theo. Pray Gentlemen, how did you come?

Doubt. Travelling for *Whalley*, where I told you, Madam, in my Letters, I would suddenly be, we lost our way by the darknes of the night, and wander'd till we came near this House, whither an honest Country fellow brought us for shelter from this dreadful Tempest.

Bell. And your Father is pleas'd to admit a brace of stray-fellows with the greatest civility in the World: But Madam, coming safe to shore, after a Shipwreck, could not bring such joy to me, as I find in seeing you. [To Isab.

Doubt. The Sun, to a man left a Winter at *Greenland*, could not be so ravishing a sight, as you dear Madam are to me. [To Theo.

Theo. This is Knight Errantry indeed.

Isab. Methinks they talk Romance too. But 'tis too late if they be in earnest; for the Dames are disposed of.

Bell. } How, Married!

Doubt. } How, Married!

Isab. Not executed, but condemn'd!

Theo.

Theo. Beyond all hopes of Mercy.

Doubt. Death, Madam, you struck me to the Heart; I felt your Words here.

Bell. My Heart was just at my Mouth, if you had not stopt it with this Cordial, it had flown. I may live now in hope of a reprieve for you.

Isab. Our Fathers will never consent to that.

Theo. Mine will not I am sure. I have a Mother, to boot, more obstinate than he.

Doubt. If they be so merciless, self preservation, the great Law of Nature will justify your escape.

Bell. We Knight Errants, as you call us, will rescue you I warrant you.

Isab. But if we leave our Fools, our Fathers will leave us.

Bell. If you lose your Father, Madam, you shall find one that will value you infinitely more, and love you more tenderly.

Doubt. And you, Madam, shall meet with one, whose Person and whose fortune shall be always at your command.

Theo. We grow a little too serious about this matter.

Isab. 'Tis from Matrimony we would fly! Oh 'tis a dreadful thing.

Bell. This heresie can never be defended by you: a Man must be blind that inclines to that opinion before you.

Enter Sir Edward, Smerk, Servants.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, be pleas'd to walk into the next Room, and take a small Collation to refresh you selves.

Bell. Your humble Servant.

Sir Edw. This Country Fellow that led you hither, tells me tail of Witches, and here's an uproar in my Family, and they say this place is haunted with them; I hope you have no faith in those things.

Doubt. When I hear a very strange Story, I always think 'tis more likely he should lie that tells it me, than that should be true.

Sir Edw. 'Tis a good rule for our belief.

[Exeunt.

Smerk. My blood rises at them, These are damn'd Hobbits and Atheists, I'd have 'em burnt in Smithfield.

Isab. Well, these Gentlemen may perhaps go to their Servants and Horses at Whalley to-morrow, where they must stay sometime before we see 'em again.

Theod. We are ruin'd then: For this Marriage will be so press'd upon us, now the Writings are sealed, and Cloths bought, we shall have no way to delay it, but downright breaking with our Fathers.

Isab. I am resolv'd to consult with the Gentlemen this night whatever come on't.

Theo. How canst thou possibly bring it about, my Dear?

Isab. I warrant thee, a Womans wit will naturally work about these matters. Come my Dear.

[Ex. omnes.

The Scene Sir Edward's Cellar.

Enter all the Witches, and the Devil in the form of a Buck-Goat after.

Demd. Lo here our little Master's come.

Let each of us ^b salute his Bum.

[All kis the Devil's Arse.

See

See our Provisions ready here,
To which no ' Salt must e'er come near.

M. Spn. Who draws the Wine?

Dmd. Our 4 Brooms shall do't.

Go thou.

Dicken. And thou.

Harg. And thou.

Mal. Spn. And thou.

Devil. What have ye done for my delight?

Relate the Service of the night.

Dmd. To a Mothers Bed I softly crept,
And while th'unchristn'd Brat yet slept,
I suckt the breath and blood of that,
And stole anothers flesh and fat,
Which I will boyl before it stink;

The thick for Ointment, thin for Drink

I'll keep.

* From a Murderer that hung in Chains
I bit dry'd Sinews and shrank Veins.

Marrow and Entrails I have brought,

A piece o'th' Gibbet too I got,

And of the Rope the fatal Knot.

I sunk a Ship and in my flight

I kickt a steeple down to Night.

Devil. Well done my Dame, Ho, ho, ho, ho!

Dick. To Gibbets I flew, and Dismal Caves,

To Charnel Houses and to Graves.

* Bones I got, and Flesh enough,

From dead mens Eyes the glewy Stuff,

Their Eye-balls with my nails scoop'd out,

And pieces of their Limbs I've brought.

* A Brat ith' Mothers Womb I flew :

The Fathers neck I twisted too.

Dogs barkt, Cocks crow'd, away I flew.

Devil. A good Servant, Ho, ho, ho!

Harg. * Flesh from a Raven in a Ditch

I snatcht, and more from a ravenous Bitch.

* Mongt Tombs I search'd for Flesh and Bone,

* With hair about my Ears alone.

* Fingers, Noses, and a Wen.

And the blood of murder'd Men,

* A mad Dogs Foam and a Wolves Hairs,

A Serpents Bowels, Adders Ears,

I put in my pouch; and coming back,

The Bells in a Steeple I did crack.

Tables rises

Their Brooms all march off and fetch Bottles.

I sent

I sent the murren into Hogs,
And drove the Kine into the Bogs.

Devil. 'Tis well, 'tis well, Ho, ho, ho.

M. Spen. * To make up love Cups I have sought
A Wolf's Tayl-hair and Yard; I've got
The green Frogs Bones, whose flesh was ta'n
From thence by Ants; then a Cat's Brain;
The bunch of Flesh from a black Fole's Head,
Just as his Dam was brought to Bed,
Before she lickt it; and I have some
Of that which falls from a Mare's Womb
When she's in Lust; and as I came home
I put a Woman into fits,
And frightened a Parson out of his Wits.

Devil. All's well. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

[Dance.

Song. I.

WHAT joy like ours can mortals find?
We can command the Sea and Wind:
All Elements our Charms obey,
And all good things become our Prey;
The daintiest Meat, and lustiest Wine,
We for our Sabbaths still design. (see,
*Mongt all the great Princes the Sun shalle'er
None can be so great, or so happy as we.

2.
We Sail in Egg-shells on rough Seas,
And see strange Countries when we please!
Or on our Besomes we can fly,
And nimbly mounting to the Sky,
We leave the swiftest Birds behind,
And when we please out-strip the Wind:
Then we feast and we revel after long flight,
Or with a Lou'd Incubus sport all the night.

3.

When we'er on Wing, we sport and play,
Mankind, like Emmers, we survey;
With Lightening blast, with Thunder kill,
Cause Barrenness where e'er we will.
Of full Revenge we have the Power;
And Heaven it self can have no more.
Here's a health to our Master the Prince of the Flies,
Who commands from Centre all up to the Skies.

All. * Harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo, fabath, fabath, fabath, Devil, Devil, Devil,
dance here, dance there, play here, play there, harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo, hoo—
Act ends. [They all sink and vanish.

Notes upon the Second Act.

*For the Chamber-maids superstition, p. 18. see Burchard Decret. Amongst his questions about Confession, where this is found, *Fecisti quod quadam mulieres facere solent: Tollant Pisces virum, & mittant eum in puerperium suum, & ram diu eum ibi teneant, donec mortuus fuerit, & decollatio pisce vel assato, maritis suis ad comedendum tradunt, ideo faciunt hoc, ut plus in amorem earum exardecant: si fecisti, duos annos per legitimas Ferias penitentias. For the Knots, Virg. Eclog. 8: Nesse tribus nodis ternos Amaryllis colores, Nelle Amarylli modo, & Veneris, dic, vincula nello.*

* They call the Devil that calls them to their Sabbaths or Feasts, Little Martin, or little Master. *Delris Disquis. Mag. quest. 16. lib. 2, and Bodin Demonoman. lib. 2. cap. 4.* have the same relation out of Paulus

In Grillandus. He is said to call them with a humane voice, but to appear in the shape of a Buck-Goat ; *Excabatur vox quādam velut humāna ab ipso demone, quem non vocant demonem sed magisterulum, alie Martinetum hunc, sive Martinellum.* And a little after. *Et statim hircus illi ascenderat per arietem, &c.* Almost all Authors that speak of Witches-Sabbaths, say, that he is call'd *Martinetus* or *Magisterulus*, and that he appears in form of a Buck-Goat. About their Sabbaths, See *Nicholaus Remigius*, lib. 1. cap. 14. *Philippo Ludwige*. *Elich. Damonomagia*, Quæst. 10. *Solent ad concutum delata Lamia Demonem, Synagoze Presidem & Rectorem in solio confidentem, immutatum in Hircum horridum.* *Guaccius compendium Maleficarum*, lib. 1. cap. 13. *Ibi Damon est conventus præs in solio sedet formâ terrifica ut plurimum Hirci*, &c. b Kissing the Devil's Buttocks is a part of the homage they pay the Devil, as Bodin says Doctor Edlin did, a *Serbon Doctor*; Who was burn'd for a Witch. See also quotes one *Daneus*, whom I never read, for kissing the Devil's Buttocks. About kissing the Devil's Buttocks, see farther, *Guaccius* in the fore-quoted Chapter, *Ad signum homagii eum (s. damnem) podice oscularuntur*. *Ludwigus Elich. Quæst. 10. Deinde quod homagii est indicium (honor sit Auribus) ab ipsis ingerenda sunt oscula Damonis, podici.* c The Devil will have no Salt in his Meat, *Ludwigus Elich. Quæst. 7. pag. 113.* As also *Guaccius*, cap. 13. The Devil loves no Salt in his Meat, says Bodin, *Dam. lib. 3. cap. 5.* because it is an emblem of Eternity, and used by God's Command in sacrifices, and quotes *Levit. 2.* for that; which is a notable reason, d *Lucian* in his Dialogue of *Philosophus* or the Lovers of lies (as all Witchwongers are) makes one of his Sages *Eucrates*, tells how he learn'd of *Pancrates* an *Egyptian Magician* that travell'd with him, to make a Staff run of Errands and bring things to him, and that he in the absence of the Magician commanded a Staff to fetch him Water, and not having learn'd the art of conjuring it down again, it brought Water so often that he feared it would have drowned the Room ; he cut it in two peices, and then both those peices fetch'd Water till the *Egyptian* came and conjur'd em down. e They are always at their meetings examin'd by the Devil, or the Dame, what service they have done, *Remigius Demonolat. lib. 1. cap. 22. Quemadmodum solent Heri in Villieis Procuratoribus, &c.* Ita Damon in suis comitiis quod tempus examinandi cuncte rebus & actionibus ipse constituit, &c. Speaking of Witches, f See *Malleus Maleficarum*, Tom. 2. of Witches being transform'd into Cats, and sucking the breath and blood of Children. g *Ovid Faſt. lib. 6.* says of *Strigis*, which modern Witchmongers call Witches, *Nocte volant, puerisque petunt nutricis egentes, & vivunt cunis corpora rapta suis.* *Carcere dicuntur laetitia viscere rostris, & plenum potu sanguine gutur barbent.* *Wiers, lib. ultimo de Lamia, cap. 6.* relates from one *Petrus*, a Judge in *Boltingen*, a place in the Country of *Bern*, the confession of a Witch thus, *Infantibus baptisatis vel nondum baptisatis infidiamur, &c.* *bos in canibus vel ad parentium latera jacentes ceremoniis mortis occidimus, quos, postquam putantur oppressi vel aliunde mortui, ex sepulchro clam suffuramus, & in olla decoquamus; de solidiore materia unguentum facimus nostris voluntatibus, aliibus & transvectionibus commodum; de liquidiore vero humore utrem impleamus, ex quo quicunque biberit :* See the Notes in the third Act. h *Remigius, lib. 2. Demonolat. cap. 3. Hac & nostræ atat maleficiis hominibus moris est facere, presertim si cujus supplicia affecti cadaver Exempla datum est, & in cruce sublatum; nam non solum inde sortilegii suis materiam manuantur, sed & ab ipsis carnificis instrumentis, reſte, vinculis, pabo, ferramentis, siquidem itis vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam & potestatem.* The French Gamesters are superstitious in this, and think that the noose of the Rope, that went about the Neck of one that was hang'd, will make them win. And here old women will prescribe a piece of the Gallows for a cure for an Ague. That the Ancients were superstitious in these things, see *Lucan, lib. 6. Laqueum nodosque nocentes ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpir, abrasitque crues, percussaque viscera nimbis vulfit, & incollas admisso sole medullas, incertum manibus chalybem, nigrumque per artus stillantis tabi faniem viruſque coadūtum suffulit, & mortus nervo retinente pendit.* For the use of dead bodies in Witchcraft, see *Apuleius, De auro asino. lib. 3* speaking of *Pamphile*, *Primum apparatu solito infruxit feralem officinam.* Among other things, *Sepulchorum cadaverum expositis multis admodum membris, hic naras, illi dixit, illi carnosæ clavi pendentium, alibi trucidatorum servatus crux.* i *Lucan* makes his Witch iuhabit such places, *Desertaque busta incolit & rupibus expulsi obtinet umbris.* *Agrippa de occulta Philosophia, lib. 1. cap. 48. Saturno correspondentia loca quevis fætida, tenebrosa, religiosa, funesta, ut cæmeteria, busta & hominibus deserta habitacula & veruſque caduca, loca obscura & horrenda, & solitaria antra, converna, putei, &c.* And in his Third Book, cap. 42. *Apitissima loca plurimum experientia visionum nocturnalium, incursumque & confusumphantasmatum, ut cæmeteria, & in quibus fieri solent execuções criminalis judicii, &c.* k *Lucan, lib. 6. Aſta ubi servantes faxis, quibus intimus humor ducitur, & traxa durescant rabe medullæ Corpora, tunc omnes avide deservit in artus, impetuſque manus occultis, gaudiuſque gelatos effodiſſe orbes.* l *Nider in his Formicarium mentions one that kill'd Seven Children in the Mother's Womb, by Witchcraft.* This, he says was done by laying a Lizard under the Threshold, and that will cause abortion in every Female in the House : *Vid Formicar. cap. 3. Remigius says, about the Cocks-crowing, that nothing is so hateful to the Witches when they are at their Charms, as the Cock-crowing ; as one *Latona*, a Witch, among other things confessed ; and several other Authors mention it as very hateful.*

hateful to the Witches. in *Hori. Epod. 5.* amongst *Canidia's* materials reckons, *Offa ab ore rapti jejune Canis.* And *Lucan, lib. 6. of Eridbo.* *Et quicunque jacet nudus tellure cadaver ante feras volviturque foder; nec pertere membra vult ferri manibusque suis mortisque luporum expectat siccis raptura a faucibus artus.* *See A puleius before cited.* *o Ovid. Per tumulos errat sparsis distincta Capillis.* See the Notes of the third Act. *p For the parts of the Body, the Wen and the blood of slain men, see Apuleius before quoted.* *q Lucan, lib. 6. Huc quicquid fetu genuit natura sinistro, Miscerat: Non spuma canum quibus unda timori est, Viscera non Lyncis, non durus nodus Hyendi deficit.* *r For Phileres, See Juvenal. Sat. 6. Hic Magicos afferunt cantus, hic Thessala vendit Philtra.* For this following potion, take the Words of *Wierus, de prastig. Dem lib. 3. cap. 37. Inter anatoria ad hæc venena communerantur, in extreto lupi cauda pilus, ejusque virga, remora pesciculus, felis cerebrum by Lacerta stellio cui stellus nomen est, item os de rana viridi in formicarum acervo exesa:* See *Pliny, lib. 8. cap. 22.* *This Hippomanes Pliny in Nat. Hist. and Aristotle de Nat. Animal. mention, and all the old Poets, Virg. Aeneid. 4. Queritur by nascentis equi de fronte revulsus, by matris praeruptus amor.* See this described in *Wierus, lib. 3. c. 37. Ovid, lib. 2. De arte Amandi.* *Dargie quod a teneri fronte revellit equi.* *Lucan, lib. 6. Nec noxia tantum Pocula proficiunt, aut quum turgentis succo Frontis anatire subducunt pignora feræ.* *t Virg. 3. Georg. Hinc demum hippomanes vera quod nomine dicunt Pastores, lenthum distillat ab inguine virus.* *Tibullus, lib. 1. Eleg. 4. Hippomanes cupida stillat ab inguine Equa.* *Ovid. lib. 1. Eleg. 8. Upon a Bawd, *Seu bene quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo licia, quid valeat virus amantis equus.* Propert. lib. 4. (*in quandam Lenam*) *Consuluit striges nostro de sanguine by in me Hippomanes feræ semina legit Equæ.* In *Wier.* it is thus described, *Caruncula hand parum famosa, carice magnitudine, spica orbiculata, latiæcula, colore nigro, que in fronte nascentis pulli, equini appetet, quam edito statim partu mater lambendo, abstergendoque devorat.* *by si præcipiat, animum à fetu penitus aversum habet, nec cum ad ubera admittit.* *u That they make these confused noises, see Nandens, Hist. Mag. and Pet. de Loyer de Spectris.* And that these shouts and these words are used by them, see *Scott.* pag. 42, and *Bodin, lib. 2. cap. 4.* This is to be found in *Remigius* and *Delrio*, and *M. Phi. Ludwicus, Eliz.* out of them says, *quest. 10.* *Toto turba colluviesque pessima fescenninos in honorem demonum cantas obsecrassimos.* *Hec canit. Harr, harr, illa Diabole, Diabole, salta huc, salta illuc, altera lude hic, lude illuc, alia Sabaoth, Sabaoth, byc. immo clamoribus, sibilis, ululatibus, propincis furi ac debaccatur.**

A C T. III.

Enter Sir Edward Hartfort, Belfort and Doubt.

Doubt. You have extreamly delighted us this Morning, by your House, Gardens, your Accommodation, and your way of Living; you put me in mind of the renowned *Sidney's* Admirable description of *Kalandar.*

Sir Edw. Sir you Complement me too much.

Bell. Methinks you represent to us the Golden days of Queen *Elizabeth*, such sure were our Gentry then; now they are grown servile Apes to foreign Customs, they leave off Hospitality, for which we were famous all over *Europe*, and turn Servants to Board wages.

Sir Edw. For my part, I love to have my Servants part of my Family, the other were, to hire day Labourers to wait upon me; I had rather my Friends, Kindred, Tenants and Servants should live well out of me, than Coach-makers, Taylors, Embroiderers, and Lace-men shoud: To be pointed at in the Streets, and have Fools stare at my Equipage, is a vanity I have always scorn'd.

Doubt. You speak like one descended from those Noble Ancestors that made *France* tremble, and all the rest of *Europe* honour 'em.

Sir Edw. I reverence the Memory of 'em, : But our new-fashion'd Gentry love the *French* too well to fight against 'em; they are bred abroad without knowing any

thing of our Constitution, and come home tainted with Foppery, slavish Principles, and Popish Religion.

Bell. They bring home Arts of Building from hot Countries to serve for our cold one; and frugality from those places where they have little Meat and small Stomachs, to suffice us who have great plenty and lusty Appetites.

Doubt. They build Houses with Halls in 'em, not so big as former Porches; Beggers were better entertain'd by their Ancestors, than their Tenants by them.

Sir Edw. For my part, I think 'twas never good days, but when great Tables were kept in large Halls; the Buttery Hatch always open, Black Jacks, and a good smell of Meat and *March*-Beer, with Dogs Turds and Marrow-bothes as Ornaments in the Hall: These were signs of good House-keeping, I hate to see *Italian* fine Buildings with no Meat or Drink in 'em.

Bell. I like not their little Plates, methinks there's Vertue in an English Sur-loin.

Doubt. Our Sparks bring nothing but Foreign Vices and Follies home; 'tis ridiculous to be bred in one Country to learn to live in another.

Sir Edw. While we lived thus (to borrow a Coxcomby word) we made a better Figure in the World.

Bell. You have a mind that suits your Fortune, and can make your own Happiness.

Sir Edw. The greatest is the enjoyment of my Friends, and such worthy Gentlemen as your selves, and when I cannot have enough of that, I have a Library, good Horses, and good Musick.

Doubt. Princes may envy such an English Gentleman.

Sir Edw. You are too kind, *I am a true English-man, I love the Princes Rights and Peoples Liberties, and will defend them both with the last penny in my Purse, and the last drop in my Veins, and dare desie the witsles Plots of Papists.*

Bell. Spoken like a noble Patriot.

Sir Edw. Pardon me, you talk like English-men, and you have warm'd me; I hope to see the Prince and People flourish yet, old as I am, in spite of Jesuits; I am sure our Constitution is the noblest in the World.

Doubt. Would there were enough such *English* Gentlemen.

Bell. 'Twere to be wisht; but our Gentry are so much Poysoned with Foreign Vanities, that methinks the Genius of *England* seems sunk into the Yeomanry.

Sir Edw. We have indeed too many rotten Members. You speak like Gentlemen, worthy of such Noble Fathers, as you both had; but Gentlemen, I spoke of Musick, I see two of my Artists come into the Garden, they shall entertain you with a Song this Morning.

Bell. Sir, You oblige us every way.

[*An Italian Song.*]

Finely compos'd, and excellently perform'd.

Doubt. I see Sir you are well serv'd in every Thing.

Enter *Isabella* and *Theodosia*.

Sir Edw. My sweet Cousin, good Morrow to thee, I hope to call thee shortly by another Name, my dear Child, Heavens blefs thee. [*Isab.* kneels.]

Bell. Ladies, your most humble Servant; you are early up to take the pleasure of the Morning in these Gardens. [*Doubt.*]

Doubt. 'Tis a Paradise you are in; every object within this place is ravishing.
Theo. This place affords variety of Pleasures; nothing here is wanting.

Bell. Where such fine Ladies are.

Enter Servant with Teague O Devilly an Irish Priest.

Serv. A Gentleman to speak with you.

Sir Edw. With me! Daughter, pray shew those Gentlemen the Statues, Grottoes and the Water-works, I'll wait on you immediately.

Bell. This is an opportunity beyond our hopes.

[*Ex. Bell. Doubt. Ifab.*

Theo.

Priest. Arrah, and please ty Oorship, I am come here to dis plaash to maake a wifitt unto thee; Doisht dou not know me, Joy?

Sir Edw. Oh! you live at Mr. *Redletters*, my Catholick Neighbours.

Priest. Ah by my Shoul, ay.

Sir Edw. How came you to venture hither? you are a Popish Priest.

Priest. Ah, but 'tis no matter for all daat, Joy: by my Shoul, but I will taak de Oades, and I think I vill be excus'd; but hark vid you a while, by my trott I shall be a Paapist toe for all daat, indeed, yes.

Sir Edw. Excellent Principles!

Priest. I do come for de honest to see dee, and yet I do not come on purpose gra: But it is no matter, I will talk vid you aboot daat, I do come upon occasion, and Mr. *Redletter* did shend me unto dee.

Sir Edw. For what?

Priest. What will I say unto dee now, but Mr. *Redletter* did shend me, and yet I did come off my self too for all daat upon occasion, daat I did hear concerning of dee, dat dy House and de Plaash is all over-run with Witches and Spirits; do you see now?

Sir Edw. I had best let this fool stay to laugh at him, he may be out of the damn'd Plot? if any Priest was? Sure they would never trust this Fool. [Aside.

Priest. What shall you shay unto me upon all dis, I will exorcize doze Vitches, and I will plague dose Devils now by my Shoul; vid Holy-water, and vid Reliques and I will freeet 'em out of this Plaash. God shaave de King.

Sir Edw. I have forgot your Name.

Priest. They do put the name of *Kelly* upon me, Joy; but by my fait I am call'd by my own right naame, *Teague O Devilly*.

Sir Edw. *Teague O Devilly?*

Priest. Yes, a very oold Naame in *Eerland* by my Shalwaation; well gra, I have brought upon my Cloak-bagg shome Holy-vaater, and I will put it upon the Devils and de Vitches-Faashes, and I will make you shome more Holy-vaater, and you vull vaash all dee Roomes vid it an bee——

Sir Edw. Well, Father *Teague O Devilly*, You're welcome; but how dare you venture publickly in these times?

Priest. Why, I have a great consideration upon dy Prudence; for if dou voudst betray me, now phare will be de soleedity of dat, Joy.

Sir Edw. I speak not for my self, but others.

Priest.

Priest. The Devil taak me now, I do tink, I will suffer for my Religion, I am affraid I will be slain at laft at the plaash they call St. *Tyburn*, but I do not caare by my Shalwaation; for if I will be hang'd, I will be a Saint presently, and all my Country shall pray unto St. *Tegue*; besides shome great people will be nameless too, I tell you I shay noe more, but I will be prayed unto, Joy.

Sir Edw. Prayed to! Very well.

Priest. Yes by my Shoale will I, and I will have Reliques maade of me too.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Jeffery Shucklehead* and my Lady have some businels with you, and desire your Company within.

Sir Edw. Come, Father *Tegue*, come along me, do you hear, find the Gentlemen that are walking with my Daughter and her Cousin, and tell 'em I will wait on 'em presently.

[Exit. *Sir Edw.* and *Priest.*]

Serv. I will. They are here. Gentlemen, my Master is call'd away upon businels, he begs your excuse, and will wait on you presently.

[Ex. *Serv.*]

Bell. Heaven gives us yet a longer Opportunity, and certainly intends we should make use of it; I have my own Parson that comes to hunt with me at *Whalley*, Madam, an excellent School Divine, that will end all differences betwixt us.

Isab. He is like to begin 'em betwixt us, the Name of a Parson is a dreadfull Name upon these occasions, he'll bring us into a Condition we can never get out of, but by Death.

Bell. If the absolute command of me and my Fortune can please you, you shall never desire to get out of it.

Doubt. I should at more distance and with more reverence approach you, Madam, did not the shortnes of the time, and the great danger of losing You, force me to be free; throw not away this precious time, a Minute now is inestimable.

Theo. Yet I must consider on that Minute on which the Happiness or Misery of all my Life may depend.

Isab. How can I imagine that you who have rambled up and down the Southern World, should at last fix on a Home-bred Mistress in the North? how can you be, in earnest?

Bell. Consult your understanding, and your Looking-Glas; one will tell you how Witty, Wise, and Good you are, the other, how Beautifull, how sweet, how Charming.

Isab. Men before they are married turn the great end of their Perspective; but the little end after it.

Bell. They are Men of ill Eyes, and worse Understanding; but for your Perfections there needs no Perspective.

Theo. If I were inclin'd to Marriage, methinks we are not well enough acquainted yet to think of that.

Doubt. To my Reputation I suppose you are no stranger, nor to my Estate, which lies all in the next County; and for my Love, I will convince you of it, by settling whatever you please, or all that Estate upon you before I expect any favour from you.

Theo.

Theo. You are so generous beyond my Deserts, that I know not how to credit you.

Doubt. Your Modesty is too great, and your Faith too little.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Death ! Who are these with my Mistress and my Sister ? Oh ! they are the silly Fellows that we saw at the Spaw, that came hither last night. Do you know, Sir, that this is my Mistress, Sir.

Bell. I know, Sir, that no man is worthy of that Honour.

Sir Tim. Yes, Sir ; I will make you know that I am, Sir, and she has the Honour to be my Mistress.

Bell. Very well, Sir.

Sir Tim. Very well, Sir ! No, 'tis very ill, Sir, that you should have the boldnes to take my Mistress by the Hand, Sir ; and if you do, Sir ; I must tell you, 'Sir — What do you smile, Sir ?

Bell. A man may doe what he will with his own Face. I may smile, Sir —

Sir Tim. If you do, Sir, I will fight, Sir, I tell you that, Sir, hah !

Ifab. Sir Timothy, you are a bloody-minded Man.

Sir Tim. 'Tis for my Honour, my Honour, he is plaguely afraid ; look you, Sir, if you smile, Sir, at me, Sir, I will kick, Sir, that's more, Sir.

Bell. If you do, you will be the fifteenth man I have run through the Body, Sir.

Sir Tim. Hah ! What does he say, through the Body ? Oh !

Theo. Yonder's my Brother, we must not be so particular, let's join.

Sir Tim. How, the Body, Sir.

Bell. Yes, Sir ; and my custom is (if it be a great affront, I kill them, for) I rip out their Hearts, dry 'em to Powder, and make Snuff on 'em.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord ! Snuff !

Bell. I have a box full in my pocket, Sir ; will you please to take some.

Sir Tim. No, Sir ; I thank you, Sir : Snuff, quoth a ? I will have nothing to do with such a cruel Man ; I say no more, Sir.

Doubt. Your servant, Sir —

Sir Tim. Your Servant, Sir ; does he take such Snuff too ?

Bell. The same—do you hear, Sir ? if you value your own Life, which I will save for the Families sakes, not a word of this to any Man.

Sir Tim. No, Sir ; Not I, Sir. Your humble Servant.

Enter Sir Edward.

Sir Edward. I ask your pardon, Gentlemen ; I was stay'd by what, if you please to walk in, will divert you well enough.

Doubt. We will wait on you, Sir.

Sir Edw. Daughter, Sir Jeffery and my *Lady* have made complaints of you, for abusing Sir Timothy ; let me hear no more on't, we have resolv'd the Marriage shall be to Morrow, it will become you to be upon a little better Terms to day.

Sir Tim. Do you hear that, Gentlewoman.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, I have sent to Whalley for all your Servants, and Horses, and Dogs ; you must doe me the Honour to make some stay with me.

Bell.

Bell. We cannot enough acknowledge your great Civility.

Sir Edw. No Complements; I oblige my self. Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead* and I have just now agreed, that to morrow shall be the day of Marriage between our Sons and Daughters.

Theo. Very short warning.

Sir Edw. He'll not delay it longer.

Theo. I'll in, and see what's the reason of this sudden Resolution.

Bell. Sir, we wait on you.

Sir Edw. Stay you there a while with Sir *Timothy*. [Ex. *all but Sir Tim. and Isab.*

Sir Tim. Dear Cousin, prethee be kinder to me, I protest and vow, as I am a Christian, I love thee better than both my Eyes, for all this.

Isab. Why, how now, Dog's Face; haft thou the impudence to make love again, with that hideous Countenance? that very insipid silly *Physiognomy* of thine? with that most piteous mien? why, thou lookest like an *Operator* for Teeth.

Sir Tim. This is all Sham, I wont believe it; I can see my self in the great glafs, and to my Mind no Man looks more like a Gentleman than my self.

Isab. A Gentleman! with that silly wadling shuffling gate? thou haft not mien good enough for a Chief Constable, every change of thy Countenance, and every motion of thy Body proclaims thee an *Afs*.

Sir Tim. Ay, Ay, come Madam, I shall please you better when I am Marryed, with a trick that I have, I tell yee.

Isab. Out of my sight, thou makest me sick to see thee.

Sir Tim. I shall be more familiar with you to morrow-night, oh my dear rogue—well I say no more; faith I shall, well, no more to be said.

Isab. Be gone, thou Basilisk here; I vow if thou wert the only Man on Earth, the Kind should cease rather than I would marry thee.

Sir Tim. You'll be in a better humour to Morrow-night, though you are such a Vixen now.

Isab. This place, where some Materials are to mend the Wall, will furnish me with some Ammunition: be gone I say.

Sir Tim. I shant do't, I know when I am in good Company, come prethee Cousin, do not let us Fool any longer, to morrow we shall be one Flesh—d'ye see.

Isab. I had rather be inoculated into a Tree, than to be made one Flesh with thee; can that *Westphalia* hide of thine ever become one flesh with me; when I can become one *Afs* with thee, it may; you shall never change my Mind.

Sir Tim. Well, Well, I shall have your Body to morrow night, and I warrant you, your mind shall soon follow it.

Isab. Be gone, thou infinite Coxcomb, I'll set thee farther.

[She throws Stones at him.]

Sir Tim. What, what, what a Pox! hold, what a Devil, are you mad? Flesh, Heart, hold, what a Plague; uds bud, I could find in my Heart to turn again.

Isab. Do filthy Face, do if thou dar'st.

Sir Tim. Oh help, murder, murder.

Isab. I have no patience with this Fool, no Racks, no Tortures shall force me to marry him. [Ex. *Isab.*]

Enter Young Hartfort and Theodosia.

Theo. I am very indifferent about this Matrimony, and for ought I see, you are so too.

Yo. Har. I must confess you are as fine a Gentlewoman as ever I saw, and I am not worthy of you; but my Father says he will disinherit me, if I will not marry you to Morrow; therefore I desire you would please to think on't.

Theo. I will think on't.

Yo. Har. You shall command all my Estate, and do what you will; for my part I resolve all my Life, to give up my self wholly to my Sports, and my Horses, and my Dogs, and to drink now and then a Cup of Ale with my Neighbours, I hate Wine.

Theo. You will do very well.

Yo. Har. He says we must be Married to Morrow at Ten, I can be going a Hawking by six, and come home time enough, I would be loth to neglect my Hawking at Powts in the height of the Season.

Theo. By no means, you'd do very ill if you should.

Yo. Har. Ay so I should, but shall I tell my Father that you will have me to Morrow? you know the Writings are Sealed, and Wedding Cloaths bought of all sides.

Theo. Well, I shall do as becomes me.

Yo. Har. Well, Cousin, there's no more to be said betwixt you and I then. *Panca Verba*, a word to the Wife, I say, is enough; so I rest your humble Servant to command; I'll tell my Father what you say presently, your Servant; to tell you truly, I had never so much mind to be Married as now; for I have been so woundedly frightned with Witches, that I am afraid to lye alone, d'c see; well, I am glad this business is over: a pox upon all making of Love for me. [Ex. Yo. Har.

Theo. I thought I saw my Cousin in yon walk, 'tis time for us to consult what to do, my Father and Mother are resolved upon to morrow for the fatal day.

[Ex. Theo.

Enter Smerk, and Priest, and Mrs. Susan.

Priest. By my shoule, Joy, I thank you for my Fast-break, for it does give refreshment unto me, and Consolation too, g'reat.

Smerk. Thank you Mistref's Susan, my Caudle was admirable; I am much strenthened by these good Creatures.

Sus. Yours was admirable—if Mother Demdick has any Skill; I shall find the operation before night, and I will be reveng'd for his scorn to me. [Aside.

Priest. Though thou dosht know me, yet thou dosht shay shou wilt tell nothing concerning of me.

Smerk. No; for my part, though I differ in some things, yet I honour the Church of Rome as a true Church.

Priest. By my Shaluation ye did all come out of us indeed; and I have expectation dat you will come in agen, and I think I will live to see it; perhaps I will tell you now, you had your Ordination too with us.

Smerk. For my part, I think the Papists are honest, loyal men, and the Jesuiss dyed innocent.

Priest. Phaa ! dou dosht not believe de Plot ; de Devil taake me.

Smerk. No, no, no Papist Plot, but a Presbyterian one.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, By my Salvaation I will embraas the Farter Child, and I will put a great kissh upon dy cheeke; now for dat, say dear ijh, a damn'd Presbyterian Plot to put out de Papist, and de Priests, and de good Men ; and if I would have my minde, de Devil taake me, I would shee' em all broyle and fry in de plaash they call Smitfeild, Joy.

Smerk. I would have Surplices cram'd down their Throats, or would have 'em hang'd in Caninical Girldes.

Priest. Let me Imbraas my joy agen for daat.

Enter Bellfort and Doubt.

Bell. We shall have excellent sport with these Priests ; see they are come from their Breakfast, and embracing.

Priest. And dou dosht not believe the Papist Plot, my Joy ?

Smerk. No, but the damned Presbyterian Plot I do : I would be a Turk before I would be a Presbyterian ; Rogues, Villains.

Priest. By Shoule I will give Satisfaction unto dee, and thank dee of my Church, we have shome good Friends of dy Church, and dou art almost as good a Friend as be in de West, I have forgot his Naam, I do take it did begin vid a T.

Doubt. How now ! Do not you believe a Popish Plot ?

Smerk. No ; but a Presbyterian one I do.

Bell. This is great Impudence, after the King has affirm'd it in so many Proclamations, and three Parliments have votid it, Nemine contradicente.

Smerk. Parliments ? tell me of Pavliments ? with my Bible in my hand, I'll dispute with the whole House of Commons ; Sir, I hate Parliments, nonabut Rhenasicks, Hobbits, and Atheist believel the Plot.

Priest. By my fast and troth, dou dosht make me weep indeed, by my Shoul, Joy, dou will be a good Catholick, if I will instruct dee, I will weep on dee indeed.

Bell. Why the true and wise Church of England won't believe it, and are a great Rook aginst the Church of Rome.

Doubt. And Preach and Writs learendly aginst it ; but such Fellows as you, are scandals to the Church, a Company of Tantivy Pools.

Bell. All the Eminent men of the Church of England believe the Plot, and dasht it with horrour, and abominate the Religion that contriv'd it.

Smerk. Not all the Eminent men, for I am of another opinion.

Priest. By my Shoul, by my Shoul, Joy, they are our Enemies, and I would have no fisht put upon dem ; but dis is my dear Friend.

Doubt. This is a Rascal conceald in the Church, and is none of it ; sure his Patron knows him not.

Bell. No dencertainty, I am as diuided in my minde as you are in yours.

Smerk. You are Hobbits and Atheists.

Priest. It is no matter for all daat, Joy ; what dy do shay unto thee ; for by Christ, and by Saint Paterrick dey be Hererrick Doggs, by my Salvaation dou dosht make me weep upon de agen ; by de Lady Mary, I think I will be after reconciling dee to de Catholick Church indeed.

Enter

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady Shac, Sir Edw, and Ifab. and Theodosia.

Sir Jeff. Your Servant Gentlemen.

La. Shac. Your most humble Servant.

Bell. } Your most humble Servant.

Doubt.

Sir Edw. Is not my Irish man a pleasant fellow?

Doubt. A great Father of the Church.

Bell. And perhaps may come to be hang'd for't.

Sir Edw. Sir Jeffery is going to take some informations about Witches, perhaps that may divert you not ill. 'Tis against my opinion, but I give him amay.

La. Shac. I hope you are pleas'd to pardon my incivility, in rushing unawares into your Chamber last night; but I know you are so much a Gentleman, so well bred, and so accomplitsh, I know you do—

Doubt. Madam.

La. Shac. And for that reason I will make you my Confident in a busyness, that perhaps, I do not know, but I think it may not be to your disadvantage, I will communicate it to you in private. Now, Sir Jeffery and I are to take some Examinations. I assist him very much in his busyness, or he could never do it. [He sits down and La. Shac. sits down]

Sir Jeff. Call in these Fellows, let's hear what they'll say about these Witches; come on, Did you serve my Warrant on Mother Demdike? { They call the Constable in and a Country fellow.

Const. Sir, I went to her House (and please your Worship) and lookt in at her Window, and she was feeding three great Toads, and they daunc'd and leapt about her, and she suckled a great black Cat well nigh as big as a Spaniel; I went into the House, and she vanisht, and there was nothing but the Cat in the middle, who spit and star'd at me, and I was frightened away.

Sir Jeff. An arch Witch, I warrant her.

Const. I went out at the back dore, and by the Threshold sat a great Hare, I struck at it, and it run away, and ever since I have had a great pain in my back, and cannot make Water, saving your presence.

Sir Edw. A fit of the Gravel.

Priest. No, by my shoule, she is a great Witch, and I vil cure you upon daat.

Sir Jeff. No: I tell you, Sir Edward, I am sure she is a Witch, and between you and I, last night, when I would have been kind to my Wife, she bewitched me, I found it so.

Sir Edw. Those things will happen about five and fifty.

Priest. I will tell you now, Joy, I will cure you too.

* Taak one of de Tooth of a dead man, and bee, and burne it, and taak dee smoke into both your Noses, as you taak Snuch, and anoint your self vid dee Gaall of a Crow, taak Quicksilver, as dey do call it, and put upon a Quil, and plaash it under de shoft Pillow you do hit upon, den maak thome waater through de Ring of a Wedding, by St. Patrick, and I will shay shome Ave Maries for dee, and dou wilt be sound agen: gra.

* This Receipt is in Scott, he has taken it out of inquisitors and Witch-mongers.

F. 2

Sir

Sir Edw. A very learned man in these matters, that comes hither on purpose.

Sir Jeff. Who is this pretends to skill in Witchcraft?

Sir Jeff. I shall be glad of your better acquaintance.

Priest. I vil be very well pleased to bee after being acquainted vid dee, Joy.

La. Sha. Have you any more to say? Fellow speaks to me.

Conſt. Why, an't please your Worſhip forlooth, Mother Demdike ſaid ſhe would be reveng'd on me for not giving her ſome Buttermilk; and the next night coming from Rachdale, I ſaw a great Black Hog, and my Horse threw me, and I lost a Hog that night, he dy'd, that was as well when he went to bed, as ever he was ſince he was born.

La. Sha. 'Tis enough, a plain, a manifest Witch, make a Warrant for her.

Sir Jeff. Ay, do.

La. Sha. Take ſome of the Thatch of her Houſe, and burne it at your Houſe, and you ſhall ſee ſhe will come ſtreight.

Sir Jeff. Oh to morrow about dawn, Pifs in a Pot, and cover it with your right, nether Stocking, and the Witch will be tormented in her Bladder, and come to you roaring before night. [These two Remedies are in Scott.]

Doubl. A moſt profound Science.

Bell. And poor old Ignorant wretches muſt be hang'd for this.

Conſt. A Cow of mine is bewitcht too, and runs about the Close as if ſhe were mad; and that, I believe, Mother Hargrave bewitcht, because I deny'd her ſome Gof--- good.

Sir Jeff. Put her into the Warrent too: 'Tis enough, a little thing will ſerve for evidence againſt a Witch.

Sir Edw. A very little one.

Priest.* Put a pair of Breeches or, Iriſh Trowfers upon your Cows head, Fellow; upon a Fryday Morning, and wid a great Stick maak beat upon her, till ſhe do depart out of de Close, and ſhe vil repair unto de Witches dore, and ſhe will knock upon it vid her Horns indeed.

Conſt. Thank you, good Sir.

Sir Jeff. Sir, I ſee you are a Learned man in this buſineſſ, and I honour you.

Priest. Your Servant, Sir; I will put ſome holy waater into your Cows mouſt and I will maak Cure upon her for all daat indeed.

La. Sha. Come, has any oþer elſe any thing to inform?

Conſt. Yes, an't please your worſhip, here is a Neighbour, Thomas o' George.

Tho. o' G. Why, an't please your Worſhips, I was at Mal. Spencer's Houſe, where he wons iþ' Lone, and whoo has a meeghty great Cat, a black one by'r Lady, and whoo kift and whoo clipt Cat, and ay ſent me dawn a bit (meer a bit) and believe Cat went under her Coats. Quo ay, what doo you doo with that fow Gat? why, ſays Who, who ſoukes me. Soukes tee? Marry, that's whaint, quo ay; by'r Lady, what can Cat do besides? Why, ſays whoo, woost carry me to Rachdale belive. Whaw, quo ay, that's pratty! Why, ſays whoo, yeoſt ha one an yeow wiſt to carry yeow; by'r Lady, quo ay, with aw my heart, and thank ow too, marry 'twill ſave my Tit a pow'r of labbour; So whoo caud'a Cat to me, a huge Cat, and we ridden both to Rachdale ſtreight along.

Bell. Well ſaid, this was home; I love a Fellow that will go through ſtich.

* This is likewiſe to be found in Scottiſh. Abundance of this kiad is to be ſeen in Flagellum Diabol. in the Second Tom. of Mal. Maleficarum.

Sir Jeff. This is a Witch, indeed, put her name in.

Priest. This is naw thing by my shoules, I will tell you now it is naw thing for all daat, a Witch, if she be a good Witch, will cide upon a Grashopper, I tell you, verywell, nd yet a Grashopper is but a weak beast neither, you do make wonder upon dis, but by my shoule it is naw thing.

Sir Jeff. Where did you take Cat, lay you, together?

Tho. o. Geor. Why, we took Cat i'th' Lane, meet a mile off.

Sir Jeff. So you rid eight mile upon Cats; are there any more informations?

Conſt. No more, an't please your Worship, but when I have once taken 'em, enough will come in.

La. Sha. Go then about taking 'em, and bring 'em before Sir Jeffery, and my ſelf, I'll warrant you wee'll order 'em.

Priest. I will tell you, now fellow, taak de Shoe of a Horse, and nayle it upon your Threshold, de plaash don doſt goe into dy dore upon.

Sir Jeff. And put a Clove of Garlick into the Roof of thy House.

La. Sha. Fennel is very good in your House againſt Spirits and Witches, and *Alicium*, and the Herb *Maden*, and *Long-more*, and *Moly* too is very good.

Priest. * Burn ſome Brimſtone, and make a ſweet fume of de Gall of a Black Dogg, Joy, and beſmeare dy poſths, and dy Valls, and bee, and Croſs dy Self, and I will touch dee vid Reliques, and dee to gra. * This is to be found in Delrio, and Remig. and Fr. Silveſter.

Conſt. Thank you good Sir.

Tho. o. Gor. Thank a.

Sir Edw. Is not this an excellent Art?

Bell. 'Tis ſo extravagant, that a man would think they were all in Dreams that ever wrift of it.

Doubt. I ſee no manner of Evidences againſt these poor Creatures.

Bell. I could laugh at these Fools ſufficiently, but that all the while our Miftresses are in danger.

Doubt. Our time is very ſhort, prithee let's conſider what is to be done.

Ifab. Well, my Dear, I muſt open my Heart to thee; I am ſo muſh in love with Bellfort, that I muſt dye if I loſe him.

Theo. Poor *Isabella*, dying is ſomething an inconvenient buſineſſ, and yet I ſhould live very uncomfortably without my Spark.

Ifab. Our time's very ſhort, therefore prithee let's play the Fool no longer, but come to the point when we meet 'em.

Thea. Agreed: But when ſhall we meet 'em?

Ifab. I warrant thee before Midnicht.

Sir Edw. Come, let us take one turn in the Garden, and by that time my Dinner will be ready.

Bell. Madam, for Heaven's ſake conſider on what a ſhort time my Happineſſ, or Ruin depends.

Ifab. Have a Care, Sir Jeffery and his Lady will be jealous.

Bell. This is a good ſign.

Theo. Not a word, we muſt be ſuſpected, at night we will design a Conference.

is to guid wi' ai si won. *Enter Mal Spender and Clod.* Clod guid wi' ai si T. *Mal Spender.*

M. Spen. Why so unkind Clod? You frown and wonnor like me.

Clod. No marty, I'll be none of thy lipp, I wote.

M. Spen. What dost thou mean my Love? prithee kiss me.

Clod. Stand off by'r Lady, an I lise kibbo once, I'll raddle thy bones: thou art a fow Wheane, I tell o that; thou art a fow Witch.

M. Spen. I a Witch! a poor innocent young Lady, that's whaint, I am not awd enough for that Mon.

Clod. And I believe mine Eyne, by the Mass I saw you in Sir *Teckers* Cellar last neight with your Haggis, thou art a rank Witch, and flesh I'll not come near thee.

M. Spen. Did you see me? Why, if I be a Witch, I am the better Fortune for you, you may fare of the best and be rich.

Clod. Fare? marry I'll fare none with thee, I'll not be hang'd, nor go to the Deel for thee, not I by th' Mass, but I will hang thee on I con, by'r Lady.

M. Spen. Say you so, Rogue? I'll plague you for that. [She goes out.]

Clod. What is whoo gone? 'Tis for no good Marry, I ha scap'd a fine waif, a fow Carrion, by'r Lady, I'll hang the Whean and there be no more Witches in Lancashire. *Flesh what's tis?* [Mal. Enter, with a Bridle, and puts it on e'er be is aware.]

Mal. S. *A a Horse, a Horse be thou to me,* [She gets upon him, and flees away.]

Enter Demdike, Dickenson, Hargrave, &c. with their Imps and

Madge, who is to be the new Witch.

Demd. Within this Shattered Abby Walls, [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
This Pit o'regrown with Brakes and Briers, [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
Is fit for our dark Works, and here [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
Our Master dear will soon appear, [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
And make thee Mother *Madge* a Witch, [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
Make thee be Happy, long liv'd, Rich, [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
Thou wilt be Powerfull and Wise, [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
And be reveng'd of thy Enemies! [She gets upon him, and flees away.]

Madg. 'Tis that I'd have, I thank you Dame.

Demd. Here take this lipp, and let him suck, [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
He'll do what e'er thou bidst him, call [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
Him Puck-Hairy. [She gets upon him, and flees away.]

Madg. Come hither Puck-Hairy. [En. an imp in shape of a black bock, comes to her.]

Demd. Where is thy Contract written in Blood? [She gets upon him, and flees away.]

Madg. 'Tis here. [She gets upon him, and flees away.]

Demd. So 'tis firm and good. [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
Where's my Mamillion? come, my Rogue, [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
And take thy Dinner. [She gets upon him, and flees away.]

Dicken. Where's my Puggy? [She gets upon him, and flees away.]
Come to me, and take thy Duggy. [She gets upon him, and flees away.]

Harg. Come, my Rounchy, where art thou? [She gets upon him, and flees away.]

Enter Mal. Spencer, Leading Clod in a Bridle.

Mal. Come Sirrah, I have switcht you well,
I'll tie you up now to the Rack.
Well met, Sisters, where's my Pucklin?
Come away, my pretty Sucklin.

Clod. Wauns and Flesh, what con Ay do naw? I am turn'd into a Horse, a Capo,
a meer Titt; Flesh, Ayft ne'er be a Mon agen, I marle I con speak, I con no pray,
I wot, a pox o'th' Deel, Mun Ay live of Oates, and Beens, and Hay aw my Life,
instead of Beef and Pudding? Uds Flesh, I'll neigh too. [He neighs.]

Oh whoo has switcht and spur'd me plaguely, I am raw all over me, who has
ridden a waunded way about too.

Demd. Ointment for flying here I have,
Of Childrens Fat stoln from the Grave.

The juice of Smallage, and Night-shade,
Of Poplar Leaves, and Aconite made
With these.

The Aromatick Reed I boyd,
With Water-parisip, and Cinquefoile;
With store of Soot, and add to that
The recking Bloud of many a Bat.

Dick. From the Seas slimy owse a Weed

I fetch'd to open locks at need.

With Coats tuck'd up, and with my Hair,

All flowing loosely in the Air,

With naked Feet I went among

The poysitious Plants, there Adders' Tongue,

With Aconite and Martagon,

Henbane, Hemlock, Moon-wort too,

Wild Fig-Tree, that o'er Tombs does grow,

The deadly Night-shade, Cyprels, Yew,

And Libbards Bane, and venomous Dew,

I gathered for my Charms. Harg. I And I

Dug up a Mandrake which did cry.

Three Circles I made, and the Wind was good,

And looking to the West I stood.

M. Spn. The Bones of Frogs I got, and the Bloud,

With Sreetch-Owls Eggs, and Feathers too.

Here's a Wall-Toad, and Wings of Bats,

The Eyes of Owls, the Brains of Cats.

The Devil appears in humane shape with four Attendants.

Demd. Peace, here's our Master, him salute,
And kiss the Toe of his Cloven-Foot.

Now our new Sister we present,

The Contract too, sign it with ^o Bloud

{ She ties him up, and joyns
With the other Witches.

espelid him to the ba

Dev. First, Heaven you must renounce.
Madge. I doe.

Dev. Your Baptism thus, I washt out too.
The new Name Maudlin you must take,
And all your Gossips must forsake,
And I these new ones for you make:

Demd. A piece of your Garment now present
Madg. Here, take it Master, I'm content.
Demd. Within this Circle I make here,
Truth to our Master you must swear.

Madg. I do.
Dev. You must each Month some murdered Children pay,
Besides your yearly Tribute at your day.

Madg. I will.
Dev. Some Secret part I with my mark must sign,
A lasting Token, that you are wholly mine.

Madg. Oh!
Demd. Now do your Homage.

Dev. Curse Heaven, Plague Mankind, go forth and be a Wretch.

*The Devil takes her
Chains between his
Wings while his Tail to the
Music sounds in the Air.*

*Shee the Towne shes greef greef greef greef
I leare to open boord to see her*

*Chor. of VV Elcome, welcome, happy be
3 parts. In this blest Society
1. Men and Beasts are in thy Power.
Thou canst Save, and thou canst Devour.
Thou canst Bless, and Curse the Earth,
And cause Plenty, or a Dearth.*

*2. Chor. Welcome, &c.
2. O'er Nature's Powers thou canst prevail,
Raise Winds, bring Snow, or Rain, or Hail,
Without their Causes, and canst make
The steady Course of Nature shake.*

*Chor. Welcome, &c.
3. Thou canst mount upon the Clouds,
And skin o'er the rugged Floods;
Thou canst dive to the Sands below,
And through the solid Earth canst go.*

*Chor. Welcome, &c.
4. Thou'st open Locks, or through a Chink
Shalt creep for Dainties, Meat and Drink,
Thou mayst sleep on tops of Trees,
And by in Flowers like Humble Bees.*

Chor.

Chor. Welcome, &c.

5. *Revenge, Revenge, the sweetest Part*

Of all thou hast by thy black Art.

On Heaven thou ne'er shalt fix thy Mind,

For here 'tis Heav'n to plague Mankind.

They Dance with fantastick unusual postures.

Devil. At your Command all Natures course shall cease,

And all the Elements make War or Peace;

The Sky no more shall its known Laws obey,

Night shall retreat whilst you prolong the Day.

Thy Charms shall make the Moon and Stars come down,

And in thick darkness hide the Sun at Noon.

Winds thou shalt raise, and streight their rage controll.

The Orbs upon their Axes shall not roll,

Hearing thy mighty Charms, the troubled Sky

Shall crack with Thunder, Heav'n not knowing why.

Without one puff the Waves shall foam and rage,

Then though all Winds together should ingage,

The silent Sea shall not the Tempest feel.

Vallies shall roar, and Trembling Mountains reel.

At thy Command Woods from their seats shall rove.

Stones from their Quarries, and fixt Oaks remove.

Vast standing lakes shall flow, and, at thy Will,

The most impetuous Torrents shall stand still:

Swift Rivers shall (while wond'ring Banks admire)

Back to their Springs with violent haste retire.

Thy Charms shall blast full Fruits, and ripen'd Ears:

Eate anxious Minds, and then afflict with Cares.

Give Love, where Nature cannot, by thy skill,

And any living Creature save or kill:

Raise Ghosts, transform your self, and whom you will.

Enter Tom. Shacklehead, with a Gun on his Shoulder.

Demd. Who's here? who's here?

Tom. Sh. Wounds what's here? The Witches by'r Lady.

I'll shoot amongst 'em: have at ye.

[They all vanish, and Clod neighs.]

Hey, Dive-dappers, Dive-dappers:

What a Devils here! Clod tied by a Bride, and neighing! What a Pox ailest

thou? Con'st a tell?

[Tho. Shac. takes off the Bridle.]

Clod. Uids Flesh, I am a Mon agen naw!

Why, I was a Horse, a mear Tit, I had lost aw-

My Speech, and could do naught but neigh;

Heh, I am a Mon agen.

Tom. Sh. What a dickens is the Fellewood?

Clod. Ise ta the Bridle with me, fly from the Deel, and the Witches, and Pittell you aw at the Ale-house.

Tom. Sha. What a murrain ails the Hobbel? I mun follow, and see what's the matter.

Act Ends.

Notes upon the Third Act.

a For these kind of Transformations, you will see Authority at the latter end of these Notes. b For Witches delighting in such solitary places, see *Agrippa* and *Lucan*, quoted in the second Act. c Having Imps is to be found in all Authors that treat of Witches. Having of Biggs or Teats, I find no where but in our English Authors, and in late Examinations. d For this Ointment see *Witt. de praestigiis Dem. ultimo libro de Lanier*, he has the Receipt at large; *Puerorum pinguedinem decoquendo ex aqua capiunt insipissandis, quod ex elixitione ultimum evanescit, subfides, inde condit continuoq; inferunt usi: cum hac innatis Eleosceplum, aconitum, foliis populeis & fuligineum, vel alter, & Siam, acorum vulgare, pentaphylon, vesperitum sanguinem, solanum somniferum, &c.* This Ointment is in *Cardan de subtilitate, Cap. de Mirabilibus*, and in *Paracelsus de magna & seculis Philosophia, in Delris Disquis. Mag. Quæst. 16. p. 130.* There are under this Quæsiti several Stories under Oaths and Confessions, of the Witches night-meetings and flying. See *Bodin* for the Ointment lib. 2. Demon cap. 4. And *Scot. p. 128.* f See the renown'd *Johnson*, in the last Scene of the second Act of his sad Shepherd. g *Hor. Satyr. 8. Vidi equidem nigra succinam vadere palli Canidiam pedibus mudi passaque Capillo:* and the Verse before, *Offa legant herbasque nententes.* *Ovid. Ep. of Hypsipelle. Per tumulos errat sparsis distinda Capillis.* *Senec. de. Medea v. 756. Vinculo foliis Comam, Secreta nudo nemora lusitrix pede,* *Ovid. Metam. 7. Egreditur tellis vestes indua recinctas, nuda pedes, nudas humeris infusa, capillos.* h The use of Herbs in Witchcraft all Authors both Antient and Modern take Notice of, that treat of Witches. *Virg. Has herbas atque hec Ponto mibi tella veneno.* *Ovid. Metam. 7. Prosternit borrendis infamia pabula succis Conterit & tritis Hecatea Carmina miset.* *Virg. 3. Georg. Misericordiaque herbas & non innoxia verba: Propert. Quippe & collinas ad fissionem moverit herbas.* *Virg. 4. Ened. Falicit ad una lumen quidantur abenis Pubentes herbe nigri cum latte Veneni.* i *Cicuta, solanum, hyoscyamus, Ophioglossum, Martagon, Daronicum, Aconitum, are mentioned by Paracelsus, Porta and Agrippa, as especial ingredients in Magick.* k *Hor. Ep. 5. In Canidiam: Juber sepulcris caprificos eratas, Juber cypressus funebres.* l *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 2. cap. 13. Writing of the Mandrake, says Caveant effossari contrarium ventum, & tribus circulis ante gladio circumscribunt, postea fodunt ad occasum spallentes.* m *Hor. Ep. 5. Et unda turpis viva rana sanguine plumbum nocturna strigis.* For the Bones of Frogs, they are used in Love-Cups, see Notes on the second Act. n For the Owls-Eyes, Bats-Blood and Wings, see *Corn. Agrippa de occulta Philosophia, lib. 1. cap. 15. and cap. 25.* The Toad is said to be of great use in Magick; see *Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. 32. cap. 5.* A Cats-Brain is an ingredient in Love-Cups; see the Notes on the second Act. o The Contract signed with Blood, *Bodin. lib. 2. cap. 4.* and most Authors speak of; but *Guaccius* in his Compend. *Malefic.* sets it down at large, of which thefe are Heads: 1. *Abnegam fidei & Creatori, &c.* 2. *Diabolus illi tingit Lavacro Novi Baptismatis.* 3. *Negato nomine, novum illi induit.* 4. *Co-git abnegare patrini & matris, &c.* 5. *Lamia Diabolo dant frustam aliquod vestimentum.* 6. *Praehant Diem irramentum super circulo in terram sculpto.* 7. *Petunt a Demonie deleri de libro ista, & scribi in libro mortis.* 8. *Pollicentur sacrificia, & quedam striges promittunt se singulis mensibus vel quindenis uim infan-tilum strigando, i.e. expugnando occiduras;* this is to be found also in *Bart. Spineus. Quæst. de strigibus, 21 cap. 9. Quotannis ali quid magis strigis vel Demonibus pendere tenentur.* See also *Remigius, lib. 1. II. cap. 10. Corporis aliquat parti characterem solet imponere: signum non est semper idem forma, aliquando est simile leporis vestigio, aliquando bissonis pedi, aliquando araneæ vel cætælo vel glori.* Concerning this Mark, see *Bodin. lib. 2. cap. 4. Ludwig. Elich. p. 58. quæst. 4. Nic. Remigius. lib. 1. cap. 5. pag. 58.* I put this down at large, because some were so ignorant to Condemn this Contract, as if it were my prophanie invention, and so silly, that they would have the Devil and Witches speak plausibly. p *Lucan, lib. 6. Cessavere uices rerum, dilatataque longè Hæsi mofte dies: legi non paruit Aether.* Sen. Med. *Pariterque mun- dus, lege confusa Ætheris, & solem & astra cædit, Et veritum mare tætitigis uisa, temporum flexi uices,* q *Ovid. Ep. Hytyp. Illa relutantem cursu diducere lunam Nititur & tenebris abdere solis equos.* Metam. 7. *de Medea, Et te luna traho.* Pet. Arbitr makes a Witch, boasting her Power, among many other things,

things, say, *Luna descendit imago Carmiibus deducta meis*, the whole Description is very elegant, *Hor. Epod. 5. Quia sidera excanata voce Thefala Lunamque calo diripit. Id. Ep. 18. in fine Epodos. Deripere lunam vocibus possum meis. Tribul. lib. 1. Eleg. 2. Hanc ego de calo ducentem sidera vidi. Propert. Audax cantata leges imponere Luna. + Ovid. Metam. 7. Nubilaque induo ventos abigique vocoque. + Lucan. lib. 6. Torpuit de piceps audito carmine mundus. Axibus de rapidis impulsis Jupiter urgens. Miratur non ire polos. Num omnia compent' Inimicos. + calido prodeunt mibla Phœba. Et talas ignari calum. Jesu. + ibid. venis cessantibus aequor Intumuit; rufus veritum sentire procellas Conticuit turbante Noto: Sen. Medea. Sonnere fuitus, tumultus infamum Mare Tacenti veno. Id. Herc. Oer. Concussi fretum cessante vento turbidam explicita mare, u. Virg. Eneid. lib. 4. Migrare videbitur Sub pedibus terram + descendere montibus ormas. Metam. 7. Tabeoque frontem montes. Et migrare solum. Lucan. lib. 6. has a bolder Expression, Terra quoque immota concutit, ponderis axem. Et medium vergens auctu' turbavit in orbem. + Metam. 7. Vruique faga sue corpulsa nec rego in terram. Et hysas mopeas. Ovid. Ep. Hyph. Ide loco sylvas viridique sasa mopeas. Sen. Herc. Oer. Habuere motum faga, y Metam. 7. Cum volvi, rupis ipsis mirantibus, annis in fonte redire suos, concussaque siffo stantia concutio. Virg. Eneid. 4. Sistere aquam. fons + flumina certe res. Tibull, following the Verse before cited. *Flumini hac rapidi carmine veris uero. Sen. Med. Violentia phasis verit in fontem uada. + ister in tua ora drais truces compescit undas onibus rupis piger. + Ovid. Amor. 3. Eleg. 6. Carmine laja Cores sterilem van'git in berbam. Virg. Eclog. 8. Speaking of Meris. Atque satas alio vide yducere messes. + Eneid. 4. Hoc se carminibus promitti solvere mentes quas uelit, ast alius duras immittere curas. + Lucan. lib. 6. Carmine Thefaldum dura in prorsus fuit. Non fatis adductus amor. + Hor. Epod. 18. P sum crenatos excitare mortuos. Desiderique temperare populam. The raising of Ghosts, and transforming themselves and others, all Witchmongers both ancient and modern affirm. Virg. Eneid, the place before quoted, *N' furosoque cier Manes. Id. Eleg. 8. Has barbaraque bac Ponto mibi letta venena Ipc dedit Meris, naf' uatur plurima Ponto. His ego sive humani steri + se condere siffo Meris, sive animas exire sepeletis uidi, &c. Propterea before cited, Andri. Ec. Et sua nocturno falle're terga lipo. You may see Lucan makes Eris his taile + Ghost. Seneca's mirix in Herc. Oerens, and Tiresias in Oedipus do the same: all Witchmongers are full of it. In Bodin. Demon. lib. 2. cap. 6. there is a great deal of Stuff about Transformations; he says, Witches transform themselves into Wolves, and others into Ashes, and I think those are they that believe in 'em: He is very angry with Physicians that call Lycanthropia a Disease; he says, divers Witches at Vernon turn'd themselves into Cats, and tells a story of three Witches at Argentine that turn'd themselves into Cats, and beat and wounded a Raggot-reaker. This also Petr. de Loyer de spectris meniops, in the English translation, p. 128. He says there, that in his Time a Hermit of Dole was turn'd into a Woolf, and was going to devour a little Child, if he had not been surprised and discovered; and a Merchant of Cyprus was turn'd into an Als; indeed; he says, the Devil does not change the Body, but only abuse and delude the fancy; and quotes Thomas Aquinas in 2. sentent. distinet. 8. Aug. lib. 18. de. Crux. Dei. says, he himself knew the Father of one *Præstantius* who was changed into a Mule, and did carry upon his Back Bag and Baggage for Soldiers; but he says this was an illusion of the Devil, and that the Father of *Præstantius* was not really changed into a Mule, but the Eyes of the beholders were enchanted. Bodin says, one Garner, in the shape of a Woolf, kill'd a Child of Twelve Years old, eat up her Arms and Legs, and carried the rest home to his Wife. And Peter Burgis, and Michael Weston, having turn'd themselves into Wolves, kill'd and eat a vast number of People: Such impossible Stories does this heluo mendaciorum, as one calls him, swallow himself, and disgorge to us. He says, the matter of Transformations was disputed before Pope Leo the Seventh, and by him were all judged possible. Wierus ultimi libro de Lamiis, cap. 14. says that, *Ad L. marion omnipotentem tandem quoque referunt quod se in Lupos, hircos, canes, feltes, aut alias bestias pro sua libidinis delectu' veri + substantiarum transformare, + tam illi tempore in homines rufus transformare posse faturantur, tunc delirantum ab eximus enim eis pro ipsa veritate defendatur.* I should have mentioned the transformations of Lucian and Apuleius, which Bodin says, Pope Leo the Seventh made Canonical: I could cite many more Authorities for this, and for most of the Miracles in the fore-writen Speech; but I shall tire the Reader and my self. I have not endeavoured to translate the Poets so much as to take thoughts from them. For the manner of their Musick, see Ludwicus Eliob. Damon, quatuor. 10. p. 13. and Remigius Demoniacus, lib. 1. cap. 19. Mirummodi illi miscantur ac turbantur omnia, &c. strepans sonis incoindis, absurdis ac discrepantibus, canit hic Demon ad tibiam, vel verius ad cantum, aut baculum aliquod, quod forte huini repertum, buccam seu tibiam admoveat, ille pro lyra equi calvarium pulsat ac digitis concrepat, aliis fuste vel clava graviore Quercum tundit; unde exauditur sonus, ac bratus veluti impetuorum vehementis pulsatorum, intercunctum rauicet, &c. For their Dancing, see Bodin, lib. 2. cap. 4. who says they Dance with Brooms. And Remigius, lib. 1. cap. 17. and 18. *Omnia sunt ritu absurdissimo + ab omni hominum consuetudine aliena; dorcis inicem veris. + in orbem juuatis manibus, &c. sua jaigantes capita niqui astro agitantur.****

A C T I V.

Sir Edward, Sir Jeffery, La. Shacklehead, Sir Timothy and Isabella.

Sir Jeff. I am sorry I am forced to complain of my Cousin.

La. Sha. Sorry? marry so am not I; I am sorry she is so pert and ill-bred. Truly Sir Edward, 'tis unsufferable for my Son, a man of his Quality and Title, born of such a Family, and so Educated, to be so abused, to have Stones thrown at him, like a Dog.

Sir Jeff. We must e'en break off the Match, Sir Edward.

Sir Edw. Sir, I am ashamed of it; I blush and grieve to hear it; Daughter; I never thought to see this Day.

Isab. Sir, I am so amazed, I know not what to say; I abuse my Cousin! Sure, he is bewitched.

Sir Tim. I think I am to love you after it, I am sure my Arm's Black and Blue, that it is.

Isab. He jested with me, as I thought, and would have ruffled me, and kiffed me, and I run from him, and in foolish play, I quoited a little Stone or two at him.

Sir Tim. And why did you call me filthy-face, and ugly Fellow; hah, Gentlewoman?

La. Sha. He ugly! Nay, then I have no Eyes; though I say't, that should not say't, I have not seen his Fellow.

Isab. Nor I neither: 'Twas a jest, a jest, he told me he was handomer for a Man, than I for a Woman.

Sir Jeff. Why, look you there, you Blockhead, you Clown, you Puppy, why do you trouble us with this impertinent Lye?

La. Sha. Good words, Sir Jeffery, 'twas not so much amiss; hah, I'll tell you that.

Sir Edw. Sure this is some mistake, you told me you were willing to marry.

Isab. I did not think I should be put to acknowledge it before this Company: But Heaven knows, I am not more willing to live; the time is now so short, I may confess it.

Sir Edw. You would not use him, you intend to marry, ill.

Isab. Love him! am to marry more than Light or Liberty. I have thus long dissembled it through Modesty; but, now I am provoked, I beseech you Sir, think not that I'd dishonour you so.

Sir Edw. Look you, you have made her weep; I never found her false or disobedient.

Sir Tim. Nay, good dear Cousin, don't cry, you'll make me cry too; I can't forbear, I ask you pardon with all my Heart, I vow I do; I was to blame, I must confess.

La. Sha. Go too, Sir Timosity, I never could believe one of your Parts would play the Fool so.

Sir Edw. And you will marry to Morrow.

Isab.

Ifab. I never wisht for any thing so much ; you make me blush to say this.

La. Sha. Sweet Cousin forgive me, and Sir *Jeffery*, and Sir *Timothy*.

Ifab. Can I be angry at any thing, when I am to be married to Morrow ?

And I am sure I will be, to him I love more than I hate this Fool.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Jeff. I could find in my Heart to break your Head, Sir *Timothy* ; you are a Puppy.

Sir Edw. Come let's leave 'em together, to understand one another better.

Sir Jeff. Cousin, Daughter I should say, I beg your Pardon, your Servant.

La. Sha. Servant, sweet Daughter.

[*Ex. Sir Edw. Sir Jeff. and Lady.*]

Sir Tim. Dear Cousin, be in good Humour, I could wish my self well beaten for mistaking one that loves me so ; I would I might ne'er stir, if I did not think you had been in earnest ; well, but I vow and swear I am mightily beholden to you, that you think me so fine a Person, and love me so dearly ; Oh how happy am I that I shall have thee to Morrow in these Arms ! by these ten bones, I love you more than all the Ladies in *London*, put them together. Prithee speak to me, O that Smile kills me, oh I will so Hug thee and Kiss thee, and Love thee to Morrow Night — I'd give forty Pound to Morrow Night, were to Night, I hope we shall have Twins before the Year comes about.

Ifab. Do you so Puppy ? [*She gives him a box on the Ear, and pulls him by the Ears.*]

Sir Tim. Help, Help, Murder, Murder.

Ifab. Help, Help, Murder, Murder.

Sir Tim. What a Devils to do now ? hah, she Counterfeits a Sound.

Enter *Theodosia* at one Door, and *Sir Jeffery*, and *Lady* at the other.

Theo. How now, my Dear, what's the matter ?

Sir Jeff. What's the Matter ?

Sir Tim. I feel the matter, she gave me a Cuff, and lug'd me by the Ears, and I think she is in a Sound.

Ifab. O the Witch ! the Witch came just now into the Room, and struck Sir *Timothy*, and lug'd him, and beat me down.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord, a Witch ! Ay, 'twas a two-leg'd Witch.

Ifab. And, as soon as she had done, she run out of that Door.

Theo. 'Tis very true, I met her and was frighted, and left her muttering in the next Room.

Sir Tim. Oh Impudence !

Sir Jeff. You Puppy, you Coxcomb, will you never leave these Lyes ? Is the Fellow bewitched ?

[*He Cudgels Sir Tim.*]

La. Sha. Go, Fool ; I am ashamed of you.

Sir Jeff. Let's see if we can take this Witch.

La. Sha. Quickly, before she flies away.

[*Ex. Sir Jeff. and Lady.*]

Sir Tim. Well, I have done, I'll ne'er tell tale more.

Ifab. Be gone, Fool, go.

Sir Tim. Well, I will endure this, but I am resolved to marry her to Morrow, and be revenged on her ; if she serves me so then, I will tickle her Toby for her, faith I will.

[*Ex. Sir Tim.*]

Ifab. Well, I'll be gone, and get out of the way of 'em.

Theo. Come on.

Enter

Enter Young Hartford Drunk.

Yo. *Harif*. Madam! Cousin, hold a little; I desire a word with you.

Theo. I must stay.

Isab. Adieu then.

Yo. *Harif*. I am drunken well neegh, and now I am not so, hala, (since we must marry to Morrow,) I pray you now let us be a little better acquainted to neeght, I'll make bold to salute you in a Civil way.

Theo. The Fool's Drunk.

Yo. *Harif*. By the Mass she kisses rarely, wds Iud she has a Breath as sweet as a Cow; I have been a Hawking, and have brought you home a power of Powts in my bag here; we have had the rarest sport; we had beed at it still, but that 'tis neeght.

Theo. You have been at some other sport I see.

Yo. *Harif*. What because I am merry? Nay, and I list, I can be as merry as the best on 'em all.

An onny mon smait my Sweat-Heart,

Ayst! smait him agen an I con,

Flesh, what! care for a brokken Yead;

For onest a mon's a mon.

Theo. I see you can be merry indeed.

Yo. *Harif*. Ay that I can, Fa, la, la, fa, la.

[He sings Roger a Coventry.

I was at it helter skelter in excellent Ale, with Londoners that went a Hawking, brave Roysters, honest fellows, that did not believe the Plot.

Theo. Why? don't you believe the Plot,

Yo. *Har.* No, the Chaplain has told me all; there's no Popish Plot, but there's a Presbyterian one; he says, none but *Phanatick* believe it.

Theo. An Excellent Chaplain, to make love to his Patron's Daughter, and Corrupt the Son. *[Aside.]*

Why all the Eminent Men of our church believe it; this fellow is none of the Church, but crept into it for a livelihood, and as soon as they find him, they'll turn him out of it.

Yo. *Har.* Nay, Cousin I should not have told it, he charged me to say nothing of it; but you and I are all one, you are to be Bone of my Bone to Morrow; And I will salute you once more upon that, d'e see.

Theo. Hold, hold, not so fast, 'tis not come to that yet.

Yo. *Har.* 'Twill come to that and more to Morrow, fa, la, la, but I'll out at four a Hawking though for all that, d'e understand me?

Enter Doubt.

Theo. Here's *Doubt*, I must get rid of this Fool. Cousin, I hear your Father coming; if he sees you in this condition he'll be very angry.

Yo. *Har.* Thank you kindly, no more to be said; I'll go and Sleep a little; I see she loves me, fa, la, la, la. *[Ex. Yo. Hartford.*

Doubt. Dear Madam, this is a happy minute thrown upon me unexpectedly, and I must use it: To morrow is the fatal day to ruin me.

Theo.

Theo. It shall not ruin me; the Inquisition should not force me to a Marriage with this Fool.

Doubt. This is a step to my Comfort; but when your Father shall to morrow hear your refusal, you know not what his passion may produce; restraint of Liberty is the Jeast.

Theo. He shall not restrain my Liberty of Choice.

Doubt. Put your self into those hands that may defend you from his Power: the hands of him, who loves you more than the most Pious value Heaven, than Misers Gold, than Clergy-men love Power, than Lawyers strife; than Jesuites Blood and Treachery.

Theo. If I could find such a man.

Doubt. Then look no farther Madam, I am he; speak but one word, and make me the happiest man on Earth.

Theo. It comes a little too quick upon me; are you sure you are the man you speak of?

Doubt. By Heaven; and by your self I am, or may I be the scorn of all Mankind; and the most Miserable too, without you.

Theo. Then you shall be the man.

Doubt. Heaven; on my Knees I must receive this Blessing; there's not another I would ask, my Joy's too big for me.

Theo. No Raptures for Heavens sake, here comes my Mother, adieu.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

Doubt. I must Compose my self.

La. Sha. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Doubt. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

La. Sha. It is not fit I shoul' lose this opportunity, to tell you that, (which perhaps may not be unacceptable to a person of your Complexion,) who is so much a Gentleman, that I'll swear I have not seen your equal.

Doubt. Dear Madam, you confound me with your Praises.

La. Sha. I vow 'tis true; indeed I have strugled with my self before I thought fit to reveal this: but the consideration of your great accomplishments, do indeed, as it were, ravish, or extort it from me, as I may so say.

Doubt. I beseech you Madam.

La. Sha. There is Friend of mine, a Lady (whom the world has acknowledged to be well bred, and of Parts too, that I must say, and almost confess) not in the Bud indeed, but in the Flower of her Age, whom time has not yet invaded with his injuries; in fine, Envy cannot say that she is less than a full ripe Beauty.

Doubt. That this Creature should bring forth such a Daughter.

La. Sha. Fair of Complexion, Tall, Streight, and shaped much above the ordinary; in short, this Lady (whom many have Languished, and Sigh'd in vain for) does of her self, so much admire your Person, and your Parts, that she extreamly desires to contract a Friendship with you, intire to all intents and purposes.

Doubt. 'Tis impossible she should be in earnest, Madam; but were she, I cannot Marry ever.

La. Sha. Why she is Married already, Lord how dull he is! she is the best Friend I have

I have, Married to an old man, far above her sprightly years.

Doubt. What a Mother-in-Law am I like to have!

[Aside.]

La. Sha. Can you not guess who this is all this while?

Doubt. Too well.

[To himself.]

Not I, truly, Madam.

[To her.]

La. Sha. Ha, ha, ha: No! that's strange; ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. I cannot possibly.

La. Sha. Ha, ha, ha. I'll swear! ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. No, I'll swear.

La. Sha. 'Tis very much, you are an ill guesster, I'll vow; ha, ha, ha. Oh Lord! not yet?

Doubt. not yet, nor ever can.

La. Sha. Here's Company, retire.

Enter Smerk and Tegue O Divelly.

Smerk. I am all on fire, what is it that Inspires me? I thought her ugly once, but this morning thoughts her ugly. And thus to burn in love already! Sure I was blind, she is a beauty greater than my fancy e'er could form; a minute's absence is death to me.

Priest. Phaat Joy, dou art in Meditaasien and Consideraasien upon someting? if it be a Scynple upon thy Conscience, I believe I will make it out unto dee.

Smerk. No Sir, I am only ruminating a while; I am inflamed with her affection. O Susan! Susan! Ah me! Ah me!

Priest. Phaat doft dou not mind me? nor put dy thoughts upon me? I do desire to know of dy Faaber's Child, what he does differ from de Caatholick Church in, by my faine it is a braave Church, and a gaallant Chyrch (de Devil task met) I will tell you now, phare is dere such a one? will you speak unto me now, Joy; bob!

Smerk. 'Tis a fine Church, a Church of Spendour, and riches, and power, but there are some things in it

Priest. Shome things! Phaat doft dou taalk of shome things? By my shoule I will not see a better Church in a shommers day, indeed, dan de Caatholick Church. I tell you there is braave Dignities, and Promotions too; what will I shay unto you? by St. Phatrick, but I do believe I vil be a Cardinel before I vil have deareb. Dey have had no^t one Eerish Cardinal a great while indeed.

Smerk. What power is this that urges me so fast? Oh, Love! Love!

Priest. Phaat doft dou shay, doft dou love Promotions and Dignities? den I predec now be a Caatholick. What will I say unto you more? but I will tell you, You do shay dat de Caatholicks may be shaved; and de Caatholicks do shay, dat you vil be after being damn'd; and phare is de solidiy now of daat, daat dou vil not turne a good Caatholick?

Smerk. I cannot believe there is a Purgatory.

Priest. No! Phy, I will tell you what I will shay unto you, I have shseen many Shoules of Purgatory dat did appear unto me: And by my troth, I do know a Shoule when I do shee it, and de Shoules did speak unto me, and did deshire of me dat I wold pray dem out of that plaashe: And dere Parents, and Friends did give me shome Money, and I did pray 'em out. Without Money indeed, we cannot pray dem out; no faine.

Smerk. That may not be so hard; but for Transubstantiation, I can never believe it.

Priest. Phaat doft not believe de Councel of Trent, Joy? den vil be damn'd indeed,

and

and de Devil take me, if dou doft not believe it. I will tell you phaat will I say to you a Council w infallible; and I tell you, de Cardinals are infallible too, upon occasion, and dey are damn'd & blakwick's Dogg by my handvaxion; das do not believe every oord dey will speak indeed.

Smerk. I feel a flaine within me, oh Looe! Looe! whiche will thou carry me?

Priest. Ask thou in 1000 thy a thy my shoule dou doft commit fornicacion; I will tell you it is a venial Sin, and I will after be absolving you for it: but if dou doft Commit Marriage, it is mortall, and dou vilt be damn'd and bee faiſt and troſt. I predece now will dou fornicate and not Marry, for my shak vout vilt dou fornicate.

Smerk. Sure I am bewitch'd, live I ab obility I tol not certeyn I wold.

Priest. Bewitch'd in love, Abo! boo! I'll tell you now, you must take de Womans * Shoe dat dou doſt Looe sho, and dou must mark * Vide Scat. in Di a Jaakes of it, doe is to shoo, dou must lay a Sireverance, and be scorye. &c. in it, and it will mark vout upon deo.

Smerk. Oh! the Witch! the Witch! Mal. Spencer, I am struck in my Bowels, take her away, there, oh! I have a Thousand Needles in me, take her away, Mal. Spencer.

Priest. Phaare is she, Mal. Spencer, Exorcizo te, Conjuro te in Nomine, &c.

Smerk. Oh! I have a Million of Needles Pricking my Bowels, & he mutters and Crosseſ himſelf.

Priest. I will set up a habbab for dee, help! help! who is dere? help, Abo, boo boo.

Enter Sir Jeffery, and Lady, and Susan.

Smerk. Oh Needles! Needles! Take away Mal. Spencer, take her away.

Sir Jeff. He is bewitch'd, some Witch has gotten his image, and is tormenting it.

Priest. Hold him, and I will mark some course vld him, he is posſeſ'd, or obeſt'd, I will touch him vld ſome Relicks.

Susan. Oh, good Sir, help him, what ſhall I do for him?

La. Sha. Get ſome Lead melted (and holding over his body) power it into a Porringer ful of Water, and if there appear any image upon the Lead, then he is be-witch'd.

Priest. Peash? I ſay, here is ſhone of St. Phaurick's own Whisker, and ſome of the Snuff he did uſe to taak, that did hang upon his Beard; here is a Tooth of St. Winifred, indeed, here is Corſ from de Toe of St. Ignatius, and there is de paring, of his Nails too. This experiment is to be found in Mal. Malefic. Here rubs him with theſe Relicks.

Smerk. O worse, worse, take her away!

Priest. By my ſhoul it is a veay strong Devil, I will try ſome more, here is St. Caa-terine de Virginias Wedding-Ring, here is one of St. Bridget's Nipples of her Tuggs, by my ſhoul, here is ſome of de ſweat of St. Francis, and here is a peice of St. Lan-rence's Gridiron, deſe will make Cure upon any thicknesſ, if it be not ones laſt thicknesſ.

Susan. What will become of me, I have poſon'd him, I ſhall lose my Lover, and be hang'd into the bargain.

Smerk. Oh! I dye, I dye, oh, oh, you ſay, so you ſay, so you ſay, so you ſay.

Priest. By my shoul it is a very strong Devil, a very noble Devil, I vill run and fetch thome Holy-vater. [Ex. Priest.]

Susan. Look up dear Sir, speak to me, ah woes me, Mr. Smerk, Mr. Smerk.

Sir Jeff. This Irish-man is a Gallant man about Witches, he out does me.

La. She. But I do not know what to think of his Popish way, his words his Charms, and Holy Water, and Relicks, methinks he is guilty of Witchcraft too, and you should send him to Gaol for it.

Smerk. Oh! oh! [She and he run away to the next room.]

Enter Priest with a Bottle of Holy Water.

Priest. Now, I warrant you Joy, I vill do de Devil's business for him, now I have dis Holy-vater. [The Bottle flies out of his hand.]

Phaat is de matter now? phare is dis Devil dat does taak my Holy-Vater from me? He is afraid of it; I shee my bottle, but I do not shee de Devil does taak it. I vill Catch it from him. [The Bottle, as he reaches for it, flies from him.]

Sir Jeff. This is wonderful!

La. She. Most amazing!

Priest. Conjurō te malum dæmonem, Conpro te pessimum Spirillum; redde mihi meum (dic Latinus.) Bottle, phaat vill I do, it is gone. [He runs quite away.]

La. She. 'Tis strange! You see he does not fear holy-water.

Priest. I tell you phaat is de matici, by my Shoul he will touch de Botic, because daat is not Consecrate; but, by fait, he will nev' meddle vid de Vater. I will fetch shome, I have in a Baashon. [He runs out and fetches a Bason of Water.]

Susan. He lies as if he were asleep.

Smerk. Oh! I begin to have some ease.

Priest. I did never meet vid a Devil dat did Golft so much labour before.

Exorcise te Dæmonum, fuge, fuge; Exorcise te, per Melchisedech, per Bethlehem Gabor, per omne quod exist in um, secum Graecum sive Latinum.

Smerk. I am much better now, and the Witch is gone.

Susan. Good Sir gette to your Chamber, I will fetch some Cordials.

Smerk. Sweet beautiful Creature; How am I Enamour'd with thee! Thy beauty dazles like the Sun in his Meridian.

Sir Jeff. Beauty, Enamoured! Why he seems distracte! Vill; lead him to his Chamber, and let him rest.

Priest. Now Joy, doth dos she, I have mad a Miracle by my shoul. Phen vill I the one of your Church make a Miracle, hoh? by my shoul vation dey cannot make Miracles out of de Caatholick Church, I tell you now, hoh! [Mother Demdike comes in, kicks and beats the Priest.]

Phaat is de matter now, ah! by my shoul something does cuff upon my shoul, an bee, Exorcise te in nomine, nomine, by my shoul Satan, I will pelt dee vid Holy-Vater indeed; he is Angry dat I did make a Miracle.

[Mother Demdike gets behind him, and Kicks and Beates him.]

La. She. What is this, I hear the blows, and see nothing.

Sir Jeff. So do I, I am frighted and amazed, let's fly. [Ex. Sir Jeff and La.]

Priest. Oh, oh, vat is dis for Joy, oh, all my Holy-water is gone, I must fly.

[He mutters and Crosses himself, and the Witch bears him out.]

Enter

Enter *Belfort* and *Isabell*.

Bell. All this day have I waited for this opportunity, let me improve it now. Consider, Madam, my extreme love to you, and your own hatred to that Fool, for whom you are designed to morrow.

Isab. My confesse is to be had first.

Bell. Your Father's resentment of your refusa', may put you out of all possibility of making me happy, or providing for your own Content.

Isab. To Marry one against his Consent is a Crime he'll ne'er forgive.

Bell. Though his Engagement to Sir *Jeffery* would make him refuse his Consent beforehand, he is too reasonable a man to be troubled afterwards, at your Marrying to a better Estate, and to one that loves more than he can tell you: I have not words for it.

Isab. Though I must confess you may deserve much better, would you not imagine were very forward to receive you upon so short an acquaintance?

Bell. Would I had a Cafement in my Breaks. Make me not, by your delay, the miserablest wretch on Earth: (which I shall ever be without you) think quickly Madam, you have not time to consider long, I lay my self at your Feet, to be for ever made happy or miserable by you.

Isab. How shall I be sure you'll not deceive me? These hasty vows, like Angry words, seldom show the Heart.

Bell. By all the Powers of Heaven and Earth.

Isab. Hold, Swear not, I had better take a man of honour at his word.

Bell. And may Heaven throw its Curses on me when I break it; my Chaplain's in the House, and passes for my Valet de Chambre. Will you for ever make me Happy, Madam?

Isab. Pls. trust your honour, and I'll make my self so; I throw my self upon you, use me nobly: now 'tis out.

Bell. Use yee, as I would use my Soul, my Honour, my Heart, my Life, my Liberty, and all I have is yours. There's not a man in all the World, that I can envy now, or wish to beat you.

Isab. Take care, we shall be spied: The short time I have to resolve in, will, I hope, make you have a better Opinion of my modesty, than otherwise you would have occasion for.

Bell. Dearest, Sweetest of Creatures! my Joy distracts me, I cannot speak to you.

Isab. For Heavens sake leave me, if you raise a Jealousie in the House I am ruin'd, we'll meet soon.

Bell. Adieu, my Life! my Soul! I am all obedience.

[Exit *Belfort*.]

Enter *Theodosia*.

Isab. Oh my Dear, I am happy, all's out that pained me so; my Lover knows I love him.

Theo. I have confessed to my Ghostly Father too, and my Conscience is at ease.

Isab. Mine received the news with more Joy, than he could put in words.

[99]
Enter Sir Jeffry, Lady, and Sir Timothe.

Theo. And mine in rapture; I am the happiest Woman living.

Ish. I'll not yield to you at all in that.

Theo. There's no cause I would not submit to you in; but this my Dear.

Ishab. I will hold out in this cause while I have breath; I am happiest in my Choice

than all the World can make me.

Theo. Mine is the Handsomest, Wittiest, most accomplished Gentleman.

Ishab. Mine is the Beautifullest, sweetest, well shap'd, well bred, wittiest Gentleman.

Sir Tim. That must be I, whom she means, for all my Qualities with her.

La. Sha. Peace; we shall hear more.

Theo. Little think our Fathers how happy we shall be to Morrow.

Sir Jeff. What's that? Listen.

Ishab. (If no unlucky Accident should hinder us) we shall be far happier than they can imagine.

Theo. How we have cheated them all this while!

Ishab. 'S life they are behind us, stir not. We have hidden out low from them all this while.

La. Sha. Have you so? but we shall find it now.

Ishab. Your Brother little thinks I love him so; for I have been cross and coy to him on purpose. I shall be the Happiest Woman in him, I am to have, that ever was.

Theo. I could wish your Brother lov'd me, as well as mine does you. For never Woman loved the Man she was to Marry, as I do him, I am to have to Morrow.

Sir Jeff. That's my best Daughter, thou wert ever a good Child, may blissest not, all is out, we heard ye both.

Sir Tim. Ay, all is out, my pretty Dear Dissembler; well I protest and vow, I am mightily obliged to you for your great Love to me, and good opinion of me.

La. Sha. I hope to Morrow will be a happy day for both our Families.

Enter Sir Edward, Belford, and Dowdry, and Musicians.

Oh, Sir Edward, is not that strange I told you, I should not have believed it, if I had not seen it?

Sir Edw. And pray give me the same liberty: But now we'll have some Musick, that's good against Inchantment; sing me the Song I commanded you, and then we'll have a dance before we go to Bed.

Song.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Hoh, 'tis a pretty Shong, but I will sing a brave Cronan now, dat is better, let tell you.

[He sings.

Sir Edw. 'Tis very fine, but sing me one Song more in three Parts, to sweeten our Ears, for all that. * Why, what's the matter? you gape and make Faces, and do not sing, what's the matter, are you mad?

* They gape and strain,
but cannot sing but make
an ugly noise.

c H

Priest.

Priest. Do you play, play, play I say, Oh they are bewitch'd, I will shay no more.

Sir Edw. Play, I say.

Music. I can't, my Arms are on the sudden stiff as marble, I cannot move them.

[They hold up their bows, but cannot play. [Exit Priest.

Sir Edw. Sure this is Roguery, and Confederacy.

Priest. Conjur'd se, conjuro in nomine, &c.

Sir Edw. Hold, hold, prithee don't duck us all, Water and flings it upon them we are not all bewitch'd so long till they run out roaring.

Priest. I tell you it is good for you an bee, and will defend you upon occasion.

Sir Jeff. Now you see, Sir, with your own Eyes; cannot you give us a Receipt to make Holy-water?

Priest. A Resheit, aboo, boo, boo; by my Shoule he is a Fool. I have maade two Hogheads gra, and I will have you vash all de Rooms vid it, and de Devil will not come upon de plaash by my Shalvaation.

Bell. 'Tis a little odd; but however, I shall not fly from my Belief, that every thing is done by Natural Causes, because I casnes presently assign thole Causes.

Sir Edw. You are in the right, we know not the powers of matter.

Doubt. When any thing unwonted happens, and we not see the cause, we call it unnatural and mirreulous.

Priest. by my Shoule you do talke like Heretick-Dogs, and Aatheists.

Sir Edw. Let us enquire farther about these Musicians.

Priest. I will make shome Miracles, and I think I will be after reconcileing dem indeed, oh dou damn'd vitch. [Ex. all but Priest.

Now I do see dee, I will beat upon dee vid my Master Dick. rises up, and boxes him, Beads and Crucifix, oh, oh, shee is a damn'd Pro- be strikes her with Beads, and she bim testant Heretick Vitch, daat is de reason she will, with her Staff, and beats him out. not fly, oh, oh, oh. [Ex. Priest.

Enter Tom Shacklehead, and Clod, in the Field.

Tom Sha. By'r Lady 'tis meety strong Ale, Ay am well neegh drunken, and my Nephew will be stark woddy this Hawks want their Pidgeons aw this neeght.

Clod. Why what wouden yeow bee a Angee? Flesh, Ay ha getten de Bridle by'r Lady, Ay st me some body mée, and be my Titt too.

Tom. Thout't a strange Fillee (Horse I should say,) why didst thou think thou waist a Titt, when th' Bridle was on thee?

Clod. Ay marry, I know weel I am sure, I wot I was a Titt, a meer Titt.

Tom. Listen, ther's a noise of a woman in the Ayr, it comes towards us.

Clod. Ay by th' Mass, 'tis Witches.

Witches above. Here this way, no that way, make haft, follow the dame, wee shall be too late, 'tis time enough; away, away, away.

Tom. Wannds and Flesh, it is a flock of Witches by'r Lady, they come reeght ore Head, I'll set fly at 'em, hal, be th' Mass I ha maimed one, here's one has a Wing brocken at least.

Clod. M. Spencer by th' Mass.

M. Spen, O Rôgues! I'll be revenged on you, Dogs, Villains, you have broken my Arm.

Clod.

"Clod. I was made a Horse, a Titt by thee, by th' Mass I'll be revenged a' this.
 [He puts the Bridle upon her.
 A Horse, a Horse, be thou to me,
 And carry me where e'er I flee.
 [He flies away upon her.

Tom. O'ds Fleſh, what's this; I cannot believe my ſenſes; I man walk home alone, but I'll charge my piece again by'r Lady, and the Haggis come agen. I'll have t' other ſhoes at 'em.
 [Ex. Tom ſtands.

The Scene returns to Sir Edwards Houſe.

Enter Belfort and Doubt.

Bell. My Dear Friend, I am ſo tranſported with excef of Joy, it is become a Pain, I cannot bear it.

Doubt. Dear Belfort, I am in the ſame Cafe, but (if the hope tranſport us ſo)

what will Enjoyment do?

Bell. My Blood is Chilled, and I shiver when I think on't again.

Doubt. One night with my Miſtreſſ would out weigh an Age of Slavery to come.

Bell. Rather than be without a Nights enjoyment of meſt, I would be hang'd

next Morning: I am impatient till they appear.

Doubt. They are Women of Honour, and will keep their Words; your Paſton's ready, and three or four of our Servants for Witneſſes.

Bell. He is ſo, 'twili be diſpatch'd in half a quarter of an Houſe, all are reaſed to Bell.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

Doubt. Go in, yonders my Lady Mother-in-Law coming, I muſt contrive a way to ſecure her: in, in.

Bell. I go.

Doubt. Death, that this old Fellow ſhould be aſleep already! he comes now to discover, what I know too well already.

La. Sha. He is there I'll ſwear, a punctual Gentleman, and a Person of much Honour; Sir, I am come according to your Appointmeſt; Sir Jeffery is ſafe.

Doubt. 'Tis before I expected, Madam, I thought to have left Belfort aſleep, who is a Jealous Man, and believes there is an Intrigue betwixt your Ladyſhip and me.

La. Sha. I vow: Hah, ha, ha! Me I no, no; ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. Retire for a ſhort time, and when I have ſecured him, I'll wait on you; but let it be I' th' dark.

La. Sha. You ſpeak like a diſcreet and worthy Person, remember this Room, there's no Body lies in it; I will ſtay there in the dark for you. [Ex. Lady

Doubt. Your moſt humble Servant. Well, I will go to the Ladies Chamber aſiſt, I miſtook it for mine, and let them know this is the time.

Enter Tegne O Dively.

Prieff. Dere is ſometimes de pretty Wenches doe walke here in the dark at night,

night, and by my Soul vation if I doe catch one, I will be after enjoying her Body : And fai and trot I have a great need too, it is a venial Sin, and I do not care.

Desbr. Death, who is here ? stay Ladies, here's the damn'd Priest in the way.

Enter Doubt, with a Candle.

Isab. Go you, we'll follow by and by in the dark. *The Ladies retire, Doubt goes to his Chamber.*

Enter Lady Shacobean.

La. Sha. I hear one trampling, he is come already, sure Bellfort is asleep ; who is there.

Priest. By my Soul it is a Woman's Speech, this is where are you ? by my fai I will make a Child upon her Body.

La. Sha. Mr. Doubt.

Priest. Ay, let me put a sweet kish upon dy Hand Joy, and now I vili Shalute dy Mout, and I vili embrase dy Body too indeed.

La. Sha. 'S life, I am mistaken, this is the Irish Priest ; his understanding is sure to betray him.

Priest. I predee now Joy be not nishe, I vili maak shome good sport vid dee indeed.

La. Sha. Hoo now, phaare is dy Hand now ? oh, Here it is by my Shoule. I will use dee heavely upon occasion, I will tell you, pridge kish me upon my Faash now, it is a brave kish indeed. By my Shoule dou art very handsome, I doe know it, dough I cannot seee dee. I predee now retire vid me, aboo, aboo, by my shoule this is a Gaallant occasion, come Joy. *[La. pulls her Hand away and flies. Enter Mother Dickenson and Witch. Witch kisses him.]* By my Shoule this is a Gaallant occasion, come Joy. *[Ex. Priest and Witch.]*

Enter Lady.

La. Sha. What's the meaning of this ? He talked to some Woman, and killed her too, and is retireed into the Chamber I was in.

Isab. Every thing is quiet, I hear no noise.

Theo. Nor I, this is the happy time.

La. Sha. This must be her, who's there ?

Theo. 'S life ! This is my Mother's Voice, retire softly.

Isab. Oh Misfortune ! What makes her here ? we are undone if she discovers us.

La. Sha. Who's there I say ? will you not answer ? what can this mean ? 'tis not a Wench I hope for Doubt, and then I care not. *[Isab. and Theo. retire.]*

Enter Priest and Witch.

I am impatient till he comes, he, whom have we here ? I am sure this is not he, he does not come that way.

Priest. By my Soul Joy, deo art a Gaallant peete of Fleish, a brave Bedfellow, phoo art dou ?

Dick. One that loves you dearly.

Priest.

Priest. Phaet vill I doe to thereby, but I wonder'd Qb, there's a light approach'g unto us. and I see y eart, you been assing a wedd. I see y eart, but I see y eart.

La. Sha. Who's this with a light? I stink! fly. I stink! fly. I stink! fly. I stink! fly. [Ex. La. Sha.

Enter Susan with a Candle.

Priest. Now I will thee dy feath, all in the world. Now, you go to the Susan. O Sir, are you there? I am going to M. Smerk with this Caudle, poor Man.

Priest. O phaat have I done? Oh! de Vich! de Vich!

Susan. Oh! the Witch! the Witch!

Priest. By my Should I have had Communication and Co-
pulation too vid a Succubus; Oh! phaat vill I do! phaat vill I do! by my fai and
trot, I did thought thet had been a brave and galliant Lady, and bee, oh! oh! oh!

The Witch sinks, she lets fall
the Caudle and Candle, and
shriek.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. What shriek was that? hah! here's no Body, sure all's clear now!

Enter Isabella and Theodosia.

Isab. I heard a shriek, this is the time to venture, they are frighted out of the
Gallery, and all's clear now.

Theo. Let's venture, we shall have people stirring very early this morning to
prepare for the Wedding else.

La. Sha. Ha! who's that? I am terribly afraid: Hea-
ven! what's this! the Chamber door open'd, and I saw Isab. and Theo. crept into
the Belford and Densby's
Chamber, as it was
Isabella, Theodosia, Belfort, Doubtly disguised, Person and Servants in the Chamber.

Isab. You see we are Women of Words, and Women of Courage too, that dare
venture upon this dreadfull Business.

Bell. Welcome, more welcome than all the Treasures of the Sea and Land.
Doubt. More welcome than a Thousand Angels.

Theo. Death! we are undone, but knock.

Bell. Curie on 'em, keep the Door fast.

La. Sha. Gentlemen, open the Door for Heaven's sake, quickly.

Isab. Open it, we are ruined else; we'll into the Bed, you know what you have
to do.

La. Sha. Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sha. Gentlemen, the House is allarm'd with Witches, and I saw two come
to this Chamber, and come to give you notice.

Bell. Here are none but whom you see,

Doubt. They come invisibly then, for we had our Eyes on the Door.

La. Sha. Are they not about the Bed some where? Let's search.

Isab. There are no Witches there, I can assure you.

La. Sha. Look a little, I warrant you.

Sir Jeff. Open the Door quickly, quickly, the Witches are there.

La.

La. Sh. Oh! my Husband, I am ruin'd if he sees me here.
Doubt. Prevent the Candle, lie down before the door.

Sir Jeff. Oh! Oh! I have broken my Knees, this is the Witches doing; I have lost my Wife too: lights, lights there.

La. Sh. I'll not stay here.

Ifab. Here's no staying for us.

Bro. Quickly, go by the Wall; for if Sir Jeff sees us, he'll strike us.

Sir Jeff. For Heaven's sake let's into the Gallery and call for lights.

Bell. A Curse upon this Fellow, and all ill luck.

Doubt. Hell take him, the Ladies are gone too.

A C T V.

Enter Bellfort and Doubt.

Bell. What unfortunate disappointments have we met with.

Doubt. All ill luck has conspired against us this night.

Bell. We have been near being discover'd, which would have ruin'd us.

Doubt. And we have but this night to doe our Business in; if we dispatch not this affair now, all will come out to Morrow.

Bell. I tremble to think on't; sure the surprize the Ladies were in before, has frightened 'em from attempting again.

Doubt. I rather think that they have met with People in the Gallery, that have prevented 'em.

Bell. Now I reflect, I am apt to think so too; for they seem to be very hearty in this Matter. Once more go to their Chamber.

Doubt. Go you in then to ours.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. Sh. Hold, Mr. Doubt.

Doubt. A Curse on all damn'd Luck, Is she here?

Sweet Madam, Is it you? I have been watching for Bellfort's sleeping ever late.

La. Sh. I ventur'd hard, since Sir Jeff my minding out of Bed, I had much a-do to fasten an excuse upon him.

Doubt. I am so afraid of Bellfort's coming, Madam, he was here but even now.

The hazard of your Honour puts me in an Agony.

La. Sh. O dear Sir, put out the Candle, and he can never discover any thing; besides, we will retire into yon Room.

Doubt. Death! What shall I do now?

La. Sh. And since it is dark, and you cannot see my Blushes, I must tell you, you are a very ill-greaser; for I my self was the person I describ'd.

Doubt. Oh Madam, you raille me, I will never believe it while I live; it is impossible.

La. Sha. I'll swear 'tis true; Let ye withdraw into that Room, or we shall be discovered. Oh Heaven, I am undone, my Husband with a light run into your Chamber.

Dubr. 'Tis a happy deliverance.

La. Sha. I'm countefit walking in my sleep.

[Aside.]

[Ex. Doubt.]

Enter Sir Jeffery with a Light.

Sir Jeff. Where is this Wife of mine? She told me she fell fast asleep in the Closet at her Prayers, when I mist her before; and I found her there at my coming back to my Chamber. But now she is not there, I am sure. Has her she is. Ha! what is she blind? she takes no notice of me; how ginetly she trends.

La. Sha. Oh! stand off who's that would kill my dear Sir Jeffery? Stand off, I say.

Sir Jeff. Oh Lord, kill me! where ha! here's no body.

La. Sha. Oh! the Witch, the Witch, oh she pulls the cloaths off me. Hold me, Sir Jeffery, hold me.

Sir Jeff. On my Conscience and Soul she walks in her sleep.

La. Sha. Oh, all the Cloaths are off, cover me, oh I am so cold!

Sir Jeff. Good lack a day, is it so! my Dear, my Lady.

La. Sha. Hah, ha! [She opens her eyes and shicks.]

Sir Jeff. Wake I say, wake. [She opens her eyes and shicks.]

La. Sha. Ah, [She opens her eyes and shicks.]

Sir Jeff. 'Tis I, my dear. [She opens her eyes and shicks.]

La. Sha. Oh Heav'n! Sir Jeffery, where am I? we say here [She opens her eyes and shicks.]

Sir Jeff. Here in the Gallery [She opens her eyes and shicks.]

La. Sha. Oh! how came I here? [She opens her eyes and shicks.]

Sir Jeff. Why, thou didst walk in thy sleep; good lack a day, I never saw the like.

La. Sha. In thy sleep, lay you? Oh Heav'n! I have catcht my death. Let's to Bed, and tell me the story there.

Sir Jeff. Come on. Ha, ha, ha, this is such a jest: walk in your sleep! gods niggars, I shall so laugh at this in the morning.

La. Sha. This is a happy come off. [Aside.]

Enter Isabella and Theodosia.

Isab. If we do not get into this Chamber suddenly, we are undone. They are up in the Offices already.

Theo. Never any adventures been so often disappointed, in so short a time.

Isab. There's no body in the Gallery now, we may go.

Theo. Hast then, and let us fly thither. [Isab. they are entring, Captain and Susan enter with a Candle.]

Susan. Ah, what's this?

Theo. [Susan enter with a Candle.]

Susan. Oh! the Witches, the Witches.

Smerk. Oh mercy upon us, where is this Candle? I did read [Smerk.]

So let me tell you, 'twas no Witch, they were the two young Ladies, that frightened my dear beautious love so; and I acquaint their Parents with it, I'll assure you.

Susan. This is strange, what could they have to do at this time o'th night?

Smerk.

Smerk. I know not. But I well know what I have to doe, I am inflam'd beyond all measure, with thy heavenly Beauty.

Susan. Alas! my beauty is but moderate, yet none of the worst, I must needs say.

Smerk. 'Tis blasphemy to say so; your eyes are bright like two Twin Stars, your Face is an Ocean of beauty; and your Nose a Rock arising from it, on which my heart did split: Nothing but Ruby and Pearl is about thee; I must blazon thee by Jewels, thy beauty is of a Noble rank.

Susan. Good lack, what fine language is this! well, 'tis a rare thing to be a Scholar.

Smerk. 'Tis a miracle I should not think her handsome before this day; she is an Angel! *Isabella* is a Dowdy to her. You have an unexhausted mine of beauty. Dear Mrs. *Susan* cast thy Smiles upon me, and let me labour in thy Quarry, *Love* makes me Eloquent and Allegorical.

Susan. Sweet Sir, you oblige me very much by your fine Language; but I vow I understand it not; yet methinks it goes very prettily.

Smerk. I will unfold my heart unto thee; let me approach thy lip. Oh fragrant! fragrant! *Arabia felix* is upon this lip.

Susan. Ha! upon my lip, what's that? I have nothing; I have no pimple, nor any thing upon my lip, hot!

Smerk. Sweet Innocence— I will be plain; I am inflam'd within, and would enjoy thy lovely Body in Sweet dalliance.

Susan. How Sir, do you pretend to be a Divine, and would commit this sin? know, I will preverve my Honour and my Conscience.

Smerk. Conscience? why so you shall, as long as our minds are united. The Caſuists will tell you, it is a Marriage before Conscience; and besides, the Church of Rome allows Fornication: And truly it is much practis'd in our Church too. Let us retire, come, come.

Susan. Stand off, I tell you: your Calvills are Knaves, and you are a Papist, you are a foul volepatious Swine, and I will never smile on you more. Farewell.

Smerk. Hold, hold, Dear, Beauteous Creature, I am at thy mercy: Must I marry then? speak. Prethee spare me that, and I'll doe any thing.

Susan. Stand off, I scorn thy love; thou art a piotics Fellow.

Smerk. Dear Mrs. *Susan* hear me; let us but do the thing, and then I'll marry thee.

Susan. I'll see thee hang'd e're. I'll trust thee, or e're a Whoremaster of you all. No, I have been serv'd that trick too often already. I thank you.

Smerk. Most I then Marry?

Enter Isabella and Theodosia disguised, with Wizards like Witches.

Isab. Yonder's the Chaplain and *Susan*; But this disguised will fright 'em.

Theo. Let's on, we must venture.

Susan. Oh! the Witches, the Witches.

Smerk. Oh! fly, fly.

Enter Belfort and Doubt.

Bell. What shrick was that?

Doubt. We have been several times allarm'd with these Noises.
Bell. There's nothing but madnes and confusion in this Family.

Heav'n ! who are these whispering ?

There's them I have hold on, heav'n grant it be not my Lady ?

It's lucky — where is your fair Companion ?

There's here — no hold them I have, —

Doubt. And here's my Friend —

Bell. A thousand Blessings on you.

Priest. Phoo are dese ?

Even Priest with a Candle

Bell. Heav'n what's this, the damnd' Priest ? These deviles will serve our turn yet : oh, Sir we are haunted with Witches here, run in quickly for some Holy-water.

Priest. I will, I will, let me alone.

Bell. Now in, in quickly.

Enter Priest with Holy-water.

Priest. Phaat is dese Witches ? phaa are dey ? hah, dey are Wanish for fear of me, I will put dish down in dis plash for my defence ; what will I do now ? I have madfornication vid dis Witch or Succubus indeed ; when I do go home, I will be after being absolv'd for it, and den I will be as innocent as de child unbora by my Shoul' I have hang'd my self all round vid refuges indeed, and de Sprights and de Vitches cannot hurt me, faint and troe.

Enter Master Dickenson

M. Dick. My Dear, I come to visit thee again.

Priest. Phaat is here, de Witch agen does come to haunt me. ~~Beawitch~~ out upon thee damn'd' Witch, vat doth do come upon me for ? I defy dee, a plague taak dee indeed.

M. Dick. I am no Witch, I am a poor innocent woman, and a Tenant of Sir Edward's, and one that loves you dearly.

Priest. Dou plaugy Witch, let me come unto my holy water, and I will pay dee off indeed ; hooh, by my malversation tis all flown away — Oh dou damn'd' Witch ! vill hang dee indeed.

M. Dick. Precede be kinder, my Dear, and kiss me.

Priest. Out, out, kiss dee's a plague taak dee, joy, stand off upon me, by my shoul-vaation, I vil kiss the dogs Arse, having dy presence, before I vill be after kisshing dee.

M. Dick. Be not so unkind to thy own Dear, thou didst promise me Marriage, thou knowell', and I come to claim thee for my Husband.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, Marriage ! vat vill I Marry vid a Witch ? by my shoul-
Conjuro te ; fuge, fuge.

M. Dick. Do not think to put me off with your Latine ; for do you hear Sir, you promised me Marriage, and I will have you.

Priest. Oh phaat will I do ? vat will I do ?

M. Dick. This morning I will marry you, I'll stay no longer, you are mine.

Priest.

Priest. By my shoulerton, I will tell you, I am a Romish Priest, and I cannot Maarry; What would you have me do? — *Enter Tom Shee and Clod.*

M. Dick. You shall turn Protestant then, for I will have you.

Priest. By St. Patrick, what does she say? Oh, damn'd Protestant Witch! I will speak truilly, Madam, I will tell her now, if you will repair unto dñe own House, by my shoulerton I will come unto her to morrow, and I will give her satisfaction indeed. *[Aside.]* As soon as shee does get home, fai and trot I will bring de Constable, and hang her indeed.

M. Dick. I'll not be put off, I'll have you now. *[She lays hold on him.]*

Priest. By my Shoul I will nor go, I will hang her for a Witch, and now I do apprehend her upon dñe. Help, help! *[Enter Tom Shee and Clod.]*

I have taken a Witch indeed: Help, help! *[Enter Tom Shee and Clod.]*

M. Dick. I am your Wife. *[Enter Tom Shee and Clod.]*

Priest. Help, help! I have taken a Witch. *[Enter Tom Shee and Clod.]*

Tom Shee. Ha! what's here? one of the Witches by th' Mesis.

Priest. Ay, by my Shoul, Joy, I have taken her.

Tom Shee. Nay, by'r Lady, whoo has taken yeow by yeowr leave.

Clod. We han taken a Witch too: lay hand on her.

M. Dick. Dever, Dever, little Martin, little Martin, where art thou little Master? where art thou little Master?

Priest. Dost thou quitter? By my shoule I will hang her, Joy; a plague taak her, indeed.

M. Dick. Thou art a Romish Priest, and I will hang thee.

Priest. I am Innocent as the Child unborn, I will taak de Oades, and bee —

M. Dick. Martin, Martin, Rancy, Puking, little Master, have you left me all?

Clod. We han got another Witch, who's strongly guarded and Watched i' th' stable.

Tom Shee. Come let's hale her thither: We cou'd not get into the hawse till naw, we came whoame to lar at neight.

Priest. Come let us make de Witch away: I will hang her, Joy — a plague taake her, fai.

M. Dick. Am I o'er-taken then? — I am Innocent, I am Iancient.

Tom Shee. Let us carry her thither, come along.

Priest. Dell her away — we will be after hanging of you, Fai and Trot. *[Exit.]*

Enter Sir Timothy, and Servant, with a Candle.

Sir Tim. I could not rest to night for the Joy of being Married to day. 'Tis a pretty Rogue — she's somwhat Croft — but I warrant her she will love me, when she has tryed me once.

Serv. Why would you rise so soon? 'Tis not day yet.

Sir Tim. 'Tis no matter, I cannot sleep man, I am to be Married, Sirrah.

Serv. Ay, and therefore you should have slept now, that you might watch the better at night: For twill be uncivil to sleep much upon your Wedding Nighth.

Sir Tim. Uncivil, ay that it will — very uncivil: I wont sleep a wink, Call my new Brother-in-Law! Oh here he is, he can't sleep, neither.

Enter.

↳ Tom Shultz being that Thunderclap did the Hawgs, Gant is burnt blue too.

Sir Tom, Deany, it goes out, what will become of us? Tom, Sh. An the Witches come, bynd Lady, ayf mow 'em down with my broadsword & songtant ol' - I have shott one Witch flying toa Neight already.

gain Entropy *M. Hargrave, M. Madge, and two Matches more; they Mew, and bad*
of whom on who ill split like Calico and fly at them, and scratch them, song 1, sec. 2, 17

Sir Tim. They are Witches in the shape of Cats, what shall we do?

Conjuror: *Scratching* (Cats, Cats, & Dogs, Scratching, all their Faces)

Manld fungs of dem by ih' Maus, ghetwe { The Whores shrik and run away.
are fled, but I am plaguily scratcht.

— But they were afraid of my *klapstok*, and the light of the *Coopl* did make them fly — but they have scratcht a great deal upon my faulb, for all that:

Yo. Har. Mine is all of a gone Blood. id but. Diswbd. id rned.

Sir Tim. And mine too—that these damn'd Witches should disfigure my Countenance upon my Wedding Day.

You, Sir, O! Lord, what a Tempest's this! and I have seen none like it. **Thunder.** I knowed a' this bus. **Enter Sir Jeffery with a Light.** I see: this bus is like a

Sir. *What* *Heaven* *is* *this* ! *The* *Witches* *and* *all* *their* *imps* *are* *at* *Work* ! *Who* *are* *these* ? *Hah* ! — *your* *Faces* *are* *all* *bloody*.

Sir Tim. We have been frightened out of our Wits; we have been assaulted by Witches in the shapes of Cats, and they have scratcht us most ruefully.

Priest. But I did fright dem away, by my Shoule, did I not? Also I said and I say to this Sir Jeff. Why, you are a mickle bairn as any one in ay, they are at Work.—

Sir Jeff. Why, you are as much wanted as any one ; nay, they are at work.— I never reprimanded such Thunderbrand Lightning ; bid 'em ring out all the Bells on the Church.

joy, and then they will stop the Tempest indeed, and not before; I tell you, oh, Baptized Bells are braave things, fait.

Sir Tim. Yes, I believe the great Bell at Oxford was Christen'd Tom.

Priest. I tell de Joy, I will carry de host and some reliques abroad, and we vill

get a black **Chicken**, and make one of de **Vitches** throw it into de **Aire**, and it will
naak stop upon de **Tempest**.

Tom. Sh. What's here, a haund Luds Flesh, you see I have cut off a haund of
thee of the Hagg. I have not avish I shalbit of this haund, for the same is

Sir -

Sign your name, and this is a lucky evidence; bring it and show who will sue, and this is enough to hang her.

Pray, The Soul abiding earthly all disturbance shoule shew, and partake of the Gospel of St. John, and in fine, *forget the world, and it doth go away indeed.*

Sir Tim. But hark you what's the reason my Hawks wanted their Ridgway's 8750
but I shall remember you for it, you think but live like a Lubber here and do nothing.

Tom. Sha. Peace, I wanntunken, Peace, good Sir Tidobly, Andt doe no more so.

Sir Jeff. Methinks all on a sudden the strong is laid on him. I will be up with you.

Serv. Sir, the Constable and the rest of us have taken the aforesaid Stock of Witchies:

but they fell upon us like *Cats fangs*, but we have beaten them into Witches, and now we have 'em fangs back.

Sir Tuf. So now, their Power's gone when they got taken, let's go see 'em.

When they a Hawking, not did from so ver'skin bleed!

Enter Sir Edward and his ~~Daughter~~ with a ~~Daughter~~ a PLAIN TALK. Sir Edward. It has been a dreadful storm, and strangely lead o' th' sudden, this is a

Joyfull day to me: I am now in Hopes to strengthen and preserve my Family---my poor Daughter has the worst on't, but she is ~~discreet~~; and will, mould Sir ~~Vischay~~ to what he pleases: she is good-natur'd, and she loves her, and his Estate's beyond Exception. Go call my Son to me, bid him rise, this day, put on the Baudie now.

This Son, I out of Duty must provide for ; for there's a Duty from a Father to make what he begets as happy as he can ; and yet this Fool makes me as unhappy as he can ; but that I call Philosophy to my aid, I could not bear him. I just

— show to us you. Enter *Tommy Blairstead and Servants* as boy. Why are we here now, your face so white? what were you drunk last night, and have been at Cuffs?

at Quins. Yo. Her. No, Sir Fishtongh, and Tegue O' Nevelly, and Tom Shucklehead were assalid by Witches in the Shape of Cats, and Tom Shucklehead has cut off one of the Cats Hands; and all the Witches are taken, and are in the Stable under a strong Guard.

Sir Edw. What foolish wild story is this; you have been drink in Ale, that makes such Foggy Dreams as this. Now here is half as many as will be here to-night.

Yo. Har. 'S bud, Sir, the story is true, you'd find it so. Sir Ed. How now! what makes you so hot upon your wedding-day?

Yo. *Har.* Why, I am going a Hawking this Morning; and I'll come home time enough to be married.

Sir Edm. Thou most incorrigible Afs, whom no precept or example can teach common sense to, that would have made thee full of Joy at thy approaching happiness; it would have fill'd thy Mind, there could have been no room for any other object; to have a good Estate settled upon thee, and to be marryed to a Woman of that Beauty, and that Wit and Wisdom, I have not known her equal, would have

have transported any one by such a Clod of Earth as thou art ; thou art an Excrement broken from me, not my Son.

Yo. *Har.* Why Sir, I am transported ; but can't one be transported with Hawking too ? I love it, as I love my Life, would you have a Gentleman neglect his Sports ?

Sir *Edw.* None but the vilest Men will make their sports their busines ; their Books, their Friends, their Kindred and their Country should concern 'em : such drones serve not the ends of their Creation, and should be lopt off from the rest of Men.

Yo. *Har.* A Man had better dye than leave his Sport ; tell me of Books ? I think there's nothing in 'em for my Part ; and for Musick I had as live fit in the Stocks, as here your fine Songs ; I love a Bagpipe well enough, but there's no Musick like a deep Mouth'd Hound.

Sir *Edw.* Thou most excessive Block-head, thou art enough to imblitter all my sweets ; thou art a Wen belonging to me, and I shall do well to cut thee off ; but do you hear Fool, go and dress your self, and wait upon your Bride, or by Heaven I will disinherit you. This is the Critical day, on which your happiness or misery depends, think on that.

[Ex. Sir *Edw.*]

Yo. *Har.* Was ever so devilish a Father to make one neglect one's sport, because he's no sport's-man himself ? A Pox on Marrying, could not I Hawk and Marry too ? well I am resolv'd I'll steal out after I am Marry'd.

Enter Sir *Timothy* and Musick.

Sir *Tim.* Come on. Place your selves just by her Chamber, and play---and sing that Song I love so well.

Song.

My Dear, my Sweet, and most delicious Bride,
Awake, and see thine own Dear waiting at the Door ;
Surely she cannot sleep for thinking of me, poor Rogue.

Who's this disturbs my Rest ? is it thou ? I thought 'twas some
Isabella above. *Imperpetinent Coxcomb* or other ; dost thou hear, carry away
that scurvy Face from me, as soon as possibly thou canst.

Sir *Tim.* Well, you have a pleasant way with you, you'll never leave your pretty humours, I see that.

Isab. Ha ! Thou hast been scratting with Wenchies, was not thy face ugly enough but thou must disfigure it more than Nature has done ? one would have thought that had don't enough.

Sir *Tim.* Faith thou art a pretty Wag, thou'll never leave thy Roguery ; Wenchies, why 'twas done by Witches, who in the shape of Cats, had like to have kill'd us : Your Brother, my Uncle, and the Irish Man, are all as bad as I.

Isab. Prithee begon, and mend thy Face ; I cannot bear it.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ay ; it's no matter, I'll come into thy Chamber, I must be familiar with you—

Isab. And I will be very free with you ; you are a Nauseous Fool, and you shall never come into my Chamber. S'life, would you begin your Reign before you are Mary'd ? no, I'll dominere now—begon.

[Ex. *Isabella*.]

Sir *Tim.* Nay, faith, I'll not leave you so, you little crois Rogue you ; open the dore there, let me in, let me in, I say. [Theodolia comes out in a Witches habit and a vizor.

Theo.

Theo. Who's that? Thou art my Love, come into my Arms.

Sir Tim. Oh the Witch! the Witch! help, help. [He runs out. Theodosia retires.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady, Tongue O. Dively, Tom. Shacklehead, Clog, and Sir Jeffery's Clark.

Sir Jeff. So, now thou art come, my Dear, I'll dispatch the Witches, they are all taken and Guarded in the Stable: Clog, bid 'em bring 'em all hither.

La. Sha. That's well, are they caught? let 'em come before us, we will order 'em.

Sir Jeff. I would do nothing without thee my Dear.

Priest. Here Lady, Taake some i. Conjur'd shalt and put upon dee and psalmie, and shome Holy-wax daat I did bring for dish occasion, and the Witches will not hurt dy Laadyship.

La. Sha. Thank you Sir.

Priest. I did give dy Husband shome before Joy, but I will speak a word unto you all, let every one 2 spit three times upon deir Boshomes, and Crosf demselves, it is brave upon dis occaision.

Sir Jeff. It shall be done.

Priest. Daat is very well now.

Let no Vitch 3. touch no part about you, and let 'em come vid deir Arshes before deir Faafhes, phen dey come to Confession or Examinaation. We have eye-biting Witches in Eerland, that kill vid deir Countenance.

Sir Jeff. This a very Learned and Wise Man.

La. Sha. He is a great Man indeed, we are nothing to him.

Priest. You vill shee now, now I will speak unto dem, here dey come; I shay bring their Arshes before deir Faafhes.

They enter with the Witches.

Tom. Sha. Bring 'em backward, thus.

Sir Jeff. You Clog, and you Tom Shacklehead have sworn sufficiently against the Witch Spencer, and so has that Country Fellow.

M. Spencer. I am an Innocent Woman, and they have broken my Arm with a shot, Rogues, Villains, Murderers.

Priest. Dey are angry, daat is a certain signe of a Vitch; and dey cannot cry, daat is another shigne; look to 'em dey do not put spittle upon deir Faafhes to maake beliefe daat do weep. Yet Bodin doth shay, daat a Vitch can cry three drops vid her right Eye, I tell you.

Sir Jeff. Have you searcht 'em all as I bid you Woman?

Woman. Yes, an't please your Worship, and they have all great Biggs and Treats, in many parts, except Mother Madge, and hers are but small ones.

La. Sha. It is enough, make their Mirrissus, and send 'em all to Gaol.

I am innocent, I am innocent.

Witches. *Save my Life, I am no Witch,*

I am innocent, save my Life.

Priest. Ven dey do they dey are innocent, and desire to shave deir Lives, 'tis a shertain shigne of a Vitch, fait and trot.

Woman. Besides, this Woman, Margarete Demdike by name, threatn'd to be revenged on me, and my Cow has been sukt dry ever since, and my Child has had fits.

M. Demd. She lies, she lies, I am innocent.

Tom.

Tom. Shs. This is she that had a haund cut off, it fits her to a hair.

Sir Jeff. 'Tis enough: 'Tis enough.

M. Harg. Must I be hang'd for having my Hand cut off? I am innocent, I am innocent.

1. Mall. Malef. Inquisitor Springer. Part. 3. Quest. 15. A caution to the Judges, Secum deferant sal exorcizatum in Dominica die palmarum & herbas benedictas: *Haec enim res infinita cum cera benedicta incoluta & in colla deportata, &c. mirum habent efficaciam, &c.* [I have made my Irish Man translate the Latin fable on purpose.] 2. For spitting in their Bosomes, see *Tibullus*, Eleg. 2. *Ter Cans, ter dillit despue carminibus.* And in Eleg. 1, *Despuit in molles & sibi quisque sinus.* This Theocritus mentions, *de cui Basilius ruit et hanc vestrum xantron.* And several other Authors, particularly *Theophrastus* libro de characteribus, speaking of superstitious Persons, *marvabuntur & iudeo & greci & eis xantron & dicoas, for* they thought they that were mad, or had the Falling-sicknes, were possessed with Devils. 3. *Mall. Malef.* part. 3. Quest. 15. *Non permittant se ab ea rongi corporaliter.* *Id. Ibid.* *Et si commode fieri posset, ipsa & ergo deorsum versendo ad Judices & assilares introducatur.* 4. Bodin and several Authors mention this; but *Mall. Malef.* particularly, Part 3. Quest. 15. pag. 557. *Hoc enim pro certissimo signo, &c. quod erit ambi ad Lachrymandum coniuracionibus dorsetar aliquis & compellatur, (and the Inquisitors have an Office for this, as you will see in the *Flagellum demorum* per Fr. Jérém. Mengem. in the 2. Tome of *Mall. Malef.*) sed si Malefica existit, Lachrymas emittere non posset, dabit quidem stebiles & ex sputo genas & oculos limire, &c.* Having of Biggs and Teats all modern Witchmangery in England affirm. The cutting off the Hand is an old Story.

Confab. Did not you say to my Wife, you would be reveng'd on me? and has not she been struck with Pain in her Rump-bone ever since? and did not my Sow cast her farrow last Night.

Harg. You should send your Brother to Gaol for cutting my Hand off.

Tom. Shs. What for cutting a Cat's Hand off? you were a Cat when I cut it off.

Tho. o George. An't please your Worship, this Woman, *Gamer Dikinson*, who threpedians Europe, and aw to beca'w'd me last Night i' th' lone, and who said he would be reveng'd on me, and this Morning at four a Clock Butter would not come, nor the Ale warck a bit, who has bewitcht it.

Sir Jeff. I have heard enough, send 'em all to the Gaol.

La. Shs. You must never give a Witch any Milk, Butter, Cheese, or any thing that comes from the Cows.

Priest. Now dou damn'd Witch, I vill be after sheeing dee hang'd indeed, I did taake her by my foulle —

Dick. I am a poor innocent Woman, I am abused, and I am his Wife an't please your Worship: He had knowledge of me in a Room in the Gallery, and did promise me Marriage.

Sir Jeff. Ha! What's this?

Priest. By my halvaation I am innocent as de Child unborn, I speak it before Heav'n, I did never make fornication in my Life.

Aside. Vid my Nostrills; dere is mental reseravaation. I am too subtil for dem indeed gra. *To them.* It is Malice upon me.

La. Shs. There is something in this story, but I dare not speak of it.

Sir Jeff. I do believe you, Mr. O Devilly.

Dicken. Besides, he is a Popish Priest.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, a *Priest!* I vill taak de Oades Fait and trot; I did never taake Holy Orders since I was bore.

Aside. In *Jamaica*. Dere is another Mental reservation too ; and it is Lawfull.

Constab. Indeed Sir, I have been told he is a Popish Priest, and has been at *Rome*.
Priest. I speak it in de Presence of all de Saints, dāat I did never see *Rome*, in all my Life. *Aside.* Vid de Eyes of a Lyon. Dere was another by my shoule.

Sir Jeff. Take away the Witches, there is their *Missimus*, carry 'em all to *Lancaster*.

Witches. I am innocent, I am innocent.

Constab. Come on, you Haggis ; now your Master the Devil has left you.

[*Ex. Const. and Witches.*]

Sir Jeff. Sir, you must excuse me ; I must give you the Oaths upon this Information.

Priest. And by my shoule, Joy, I vill taak dem, and twenty or thirty more Oades if dou dosht please indeed, I vill take 'em all to serve dee, *Fait and Trot*.

Sir Jeff. Come into the Hall, there's the Statute Book.

La. Sha. I will go in and see if the Brides he ready.

Enter *Sir Edward, Belfort and Doubt*.

Sir Edw. Gentlemen, this day I am to do the great Duty of a Father in providing for the settlement of my Children ; this day we will dedicate to Mirth, I hope you will partake with me in my Joy.

Bell. I should have had a greater share in any Joy that could affect so worthy a Man, had not your Daughter been the onely Person, I ever saw, whom I could have fixt my Love upon ; But I am unhappy that I had not the Honour to know you till it was too late.

Sir Edw. This had been a great Honour to me, and my Daughter, and I am sorry I did not know it sooner, and assure you it is some trouble upon me.

Doubt. How like a Gentleman he takes it ! but I have an Als, Nay, a wodbal with.

Enter *Lady Shacklehead, and Isabella, and Theodore*.

La. Sha. Good morrow, Brother, our brace of Brides are ready, where are the lusty Bridegrooms ?

Sir Edw. Heav'n grant this may prove a happy day.

La. Sha. Mr. *Doubt*, was ever such an unlucky Night as we have had ?

Doubt. 'Tis happy to me, who was asfir'd of the Love of one I love much more than all the Joys on Earth.

La. Sha. Now you make me blush, I swear it is a little too much.

Bell. Ladies, I wish you much joy of this day.

Doubt. Much Happiness to you.

Enter *Sir Jeffery, and Tegue O Devilly*.

Sir Jeff. Brother, good Morrow to you ; this is a happy day, our Families will soon be one : I have sent all the Witches to the Goal.

Sir Edw. Had you Evidence enough ?

Sir Jeff. Ay, too much ; this Gentleman was accused for being a Papist, and a Priest, and I have given him the Oaths, and my Certificate, and on my Conscience he is a very good Protestant.

Priest. It is no matter, I did taak de Oades, and I am a very good Protestant upon occasion, *Fait*.

Sir Edw. Say you so ? between you and I, how many Sacraments are there ?

Priest.

Priest. How many? by my ffaulde deere, we shewen; how many would dere be sink you
 Hob? by my ffaulde I have a dispensacion, indeed I am too cunning for 'em, fast I am.
 [Aside.]

Sir Edw. So here are the Bridegrooms.

Enter Sir Timothy, and Yo. Hartford, Servant.

Sir Tim. Oh my Dear pretty Bride, let me kiss thy hand, how joyful am I, that I shall have my Dear within these armes! ah! now the little Rogue can smile upon me.

Yo. Har. Cousin, good morrow to you, I am glad to see you, how do you do this Morning?

Theo. Never better.

Yo. Har. God be thanked, I am very glad on't.

Sir Edw. Is not the Parson come yet?

Serv. Yes Sir, he is very busy at his Breakfast in the buttery! And as soon as he has finisht his Pipe and his Tankard — he will wait on you: he has Marry'd one Cupple already, The Chaplain and Mrs. Susan.

Sir Edw. How.

Serv. 'Tis true.

Sir Ldg. I am sorry for't, that Chaplain is a Rascal — I have found him out, and will turn him away —

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, here are some of your Tenants and Country-men come to be merry with you, and have brought their Piper and desire to daunce before you.

Enter several Tenant, and Country Fellowes,

Tenants. We are come to wish your worship, my Young Master and Lady Joy of this happy day.

Sir Edw. You are kindly welcome, Neighbours; this is happinels indeed, to see my Friends, and all my loving Neighbours thus about me.

All. Heavens bles your good Worship.

Sir Edw. These honest men are the strength and sinews of our Contrey; such men as these are uncorrupted, and while they stand to us we fear no Papists, nor French invasion, this day we will be merry together.

Clod. Ayf! make bold to daunce for joy.

Sir Edw. Prethee do — [Clod. Dances.]
 Go bid the Parson come in, we will dispatch this busines here before you all.

Isab. Hold, there needs no Parson.

Sir Edw. What say you?

Sir Jeff. How!

Isab. We are Marry'd already, and desire your blessing.

Sir. Edw. It is impossible. [Bell. Doubt, Isab. and Theo. kneel.]

La. Sba. Heay'n! what's this I see?

Sir Jeff. Thieves! Robbers! Murderers of my honour, I'll hang that Fellow.

Sir Edw. What pageantry is this? explain your self.

Sir Tim. What a Devil do they mean now?

Bell. The truth is Sir, we are Marry'd; we found you Fathers were too far ingag'd to break off: Love forced us to this way, and nothing else can be a fit excuse.

Doubt.

Doubt. We have desired this ever since last Summer, and any other but a private way, had certainly prevented it. Let excess of Love excuse our fault. Sir Jeffery I will exceed what settlement was made upon your Daughter.

Bell. And I will, Sir, do the same Right to yours.

Sir Jeff. Flesh and Heart — I'll Murder her.

Doubt. Hold Sir, she is mine now; I beseech you moderate your passion.

La. Sha. Oh vile Creature; I'll tear her Eyes out.

Doubt. Forbear, good Madam. What cannot be redrest must be past by.

La. Sha. Thou wort of Thieves, thou knowest I can ne're pass it by.

Sir Jeff. Sir Edward, you may do what you will, but I'll go in and meditate revenge.

La. Sha. And I —

Sir Tim. Hold, hold me, I am bloody minded, and shall commit Murder else; my honour, my honour, I must kill him; hold me fast, or I shall kill him.

Yo. Har. For my part Confin, I wish you Joy, for I am resolv'd to hunt and hawk, and course as long as I live —

Sir Tim. Cruel Woman, I did not think you would have serv'd me so; I shall run mad, and hang my self, and walk.

Priest. Now what is de soleedity of all dish — phy all iſh paſſit, and what will you ſay now? You muſt taak thome Conſolaation unto you — Dou muſt Fornicatae vid dy Moders Maid-sharvants; and daat is all one by my ſhounle.

Sir Edw. Hold, Gentleman, who Marry'd you?

Bell. This Gentleman, who is under his gray Coat, my Parſon.

Sir Edw. 'Tis ſomething unhoſpitable.

Bell. I hope Sir, you'll not have caufe to repent it; had there been any other way for me to have eſcap't perpetual misery. I had not taken this —

Sir Edw. But you Sir have moſt Injur'd me.

Doubt. I beg a Thousand pardons, Tho' I maſt have perifht if I had not done it.

Theo. It is no injury Sir, I never could have lov'd your Son; we muſt have been unhappy.

Ifab. And I had been miſerable with Sir Timothys sonne Edward.

Yo. Har. To ſay truth, I did not much care for her neither, I had rather not marry.

Sir Edw. Eternal Blockhead! I will haue other meaſts to preſerve my Name, Gentlemen, you are men of ample Fortunes and worthy Families — Sir, I wiſh you hap- pi-ness with my Daughter, take her.

Bell. You haue given me more than my own Father did, than life and fortune.

Ifab. You are the beſt of Fathers, and of Men.

Sir Edw. I will endeavour to appease Sir Jeffery and my Lady.

Doubt. You are Generous beyond expreſſion, Sir.

Enter Chaplain and Susan.

Chaplain. Sir, I hope your Worſhip will pardon me, I am Marry'd to Mrs. Susan.

Sir Edw. You are a Villain, that haſe made love to my Daughter, and corrupted my Son.

Chap. Have they told all, I am ruin'd? good Sir, continue me your Chaplain, and I will Do and Preach whatever you command me.

Sir Edw. I'll not haue a Divine with ſo flexible a Conſcience, there ſhall be no ſuch Vipers in my Family; I will take care you never ſhall haue Orders. But ſhe haſeſerv'd

fer'd me well, and I will give her a Farm of 40. £ per annum to Blow: Go Sir, it was an Office you were born to.

Priest. Did I not bid de Formicaste? and don didst Marry Joy; if dou hadst not maade Marriage, I would have mad dee a Catholick, and preferred dee to Saint Omers, Dey shoud have bred doe for one of deir Wsinesses, fait.

Enter a *Messenger*.

Mess. I must beg your pardon Sir, I have a warrant against this *Kelly*, Alias *Tegue* O. *Dinelly* — he is accus'd for being in the Plot.

Sir Edw. My house is no refuge for Traytors, Sir.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo! by my shalvaation dere is no Plot, and I vill not go yid you. Dou art a damn'd Fanaatick, if dou dosht shay deré is a Plot. Dou art a Presbyterian Dogg.

Mess. No striving, come along with me:

Priest. Phaat vill I do: I am Innocent as de Child dat it is to be born; and if they vill hang me, I vill be a shaint indeed. *My hanging Speech was made for me long a go by de Jesujs, and I have it ready, and I will live and dy by it, by my shoule.*

Mess. Gentlemen, I charge you in the King's Name affist me.

Sir Edw. Come Gentlemen, I wish you both the Happiness you deserve.

How shallow is our Foresight and our Prudence!

Be ne're so wise, design what e'er we will,

There is a Fate that over-rules us still.

F I N I S.

EPilogue.

By Mrs. BARRY and TEGUE.

Mrs. Barry. *A Scisful Mistress uses wondrous art,*
To keep a peevish crazy Lover's Heart.

His awkward Lurks forgetful of Delights, and I his Doctor now get from I *Dark*
Must be urged on by Tricks and Painful *Nights* *to* *the* *agon* — *Wth J. O.*
Which the poor Creature is content to bear,
Fine Mantous and new Petticoats to wear,
And Sirs, your sickly Appetites to raise.

The starving Players try a thousand ways
To find a Spanish Envoy of *Distress* *to* *me* I *do* : *Wth J. O.*
And you who have persecuted *me* in *Tegue*, *I* *will* *use* *you* *now* *to* *raise*
Which with much ease from Ireland we *bring* *you*, *as* *it* *was* *done* *to* *me* *to* *raise*
If he be dull, 'n'e bring him *out* *the* *play* *of* *Madame* *to* *raise* *his* *spirits* *to* *raise*.

Tegue. Now have a care, for *Salvadore*.

Disb will offend a Party in de Naature.

Mrs. Barry. They that are angry must be *very* *bad* *to* *raise*
For all Religions laugh at foolish Priests.

Tegue. By Creesh, I swear, de Poet has undone me,
Some simple Tory will maak beat upon me.

Mrs. Barry. Good Protestants, I hope you will not see,
A Martyr made of our poor Tony Leigh.
Our Popes and Fryars on one side offend,
And yet alaſſ the City's not our Friend:

The City neither like us nor our Wit,
They say their Wives learn * ogling in the Pit.
They'r from the Boxes taught to make advances,
To anſwers stolen Signs and naugtry Glances.

We vertuous Ladys some new ways must seek,
For all conspire our playing *Tricks* *to* *raise*
If the bold Poet freely shows his Vein,
In every Place the snarling Fops complain;

Of your gross Follies, if you will not bear,

With inoffensive Nonsense you must bear.

You, like the Husband, never shall receive

Half the delight the sportfull Wife can give.

A Poet dares not whip this foolish Age,

You cannot bear the Physick of the Stage.

* A foolish Word a-
mong the Canters
for glancing.